"DAYS OF WINE AND ROSES"

1/10/62

FINAL

Received from Stenographic Dept.

1 SCRIPT

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Title "DAYS OF WINE AND ROSES"

Signed

"DAYS OF WINE AND ROSES"

Original Screenplay

by

JP MILLER

1/10/62

CAST AND CREDITS

Warner Bros. Pictures
presents

Jack Lemmon	as	Joe
Lee Remick	as	Kirsten

in

"DAYS OF WINE AND ROSES"

A Martin Manulis Production

Co-Starring

Charles Bickford	as	Arnesen
Jack Klugman	as	Jim Hungerford

with

Alan Hewitt	as	Leland
Tom Palmer	as	Ballefoy
Debbie Megowan	as	Debbie
Maxine Stuart	as	Dottie
Jack Albertson	as	Trayner
Ken Lynch	as	Proprietor

Produced by Martin Manulis
Directed by Blake Edwards
Written by JP Miller
Director of Photography Phil Lathrop
Art Director Joseph Wright
Film Editor Patrick McCormack
Sound by Jack Solomon
Set Decorator George James Hopkins
Dialogue Supervisor James Lanphier
Unit Manager Jack McEdward
Assistant Director Carter DeHaven, Jr.

Music by Henry Mancini
Song: "Days of Wine and Roses"
Lyric by Johnny Mercer
Music by Henry Mancini
Costumes Designed by Don Feld
Makeup Supervisor Gordon Bau, SMA
Supervising Hair Stylist
Jean Burt Reilly, C.H.S.
Lee Remick's Hair Styles by
Myrl Stoltz, C.H.S.

* * * *

(Please Destroy Previously Issued Cast & Credits)

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"DAYS OF WINE AND ROSES"
FINAL
CAST OF CHARACTERS

JOE CLAY.....

KIRSTEN ARNESEN.....

ELLIS ARNESEN .....

JIM HUNGERFORD.....

RADFORD LELAND .....

DEBBIE CLAY.....

MRS. NOLAN .....

BITS AND EXTRAS.

FADE IN:

1. INT. MAIDEN LANE BAR SAN FRANCISCO DAY

This is a typical watering place of the post-work American male. It is about six o'clock in the evening on an early fall weekday and the bar is lined two deep with flannel-suited knitted-tied men, each with a drink in his hand.

As we PAN SLOWLY along the bar we half-hear bits and pieces of disjointed conversation: "Ah, take the six twenty-four. Let 'er wait," "Have another one, and let me get it," "Louie, this is not dry enough," "But here you've got a situation where Trendex has it in the lead and Neilsen's got it way down the list," "I tried to watch it but I hated it and I turned it off," etc.

We finally arrive at JOE CLAY. Joe is thirty, medium height, rather handsome. He is listening to a florid-faced man who is thumbing rapidly through a little black book.

ABE:
(the florid-faced man)
Wait a minute, I got another idea.

JOE:
I got a couple from Pete, and --

ABE:
(excited)
Here, here, this one. She's one of these <u>big</u> dames, but in <u>proportion</u>.

JOE:
Class?

ABE:
Oh, in <u>every</u> <u>way</u>.

JOE:
Thanks, Abe. Seven ought to do it. Louie, hit me again.

He takes the little black book from Abe, crosses to the phone booth, goes in and shuts the door. We see him in there, checking the number in the black book, dropping coins, dialing, waiting.

Louie, the bartender, brings him a fresh drink, puts it down at Joe's place, sees he isn't there, looks at the phone booth, sees Joe there, motions "Want it over there?" Joe nods and motions "Bring it," all the while talking earnestly into the phone.

(CONTINUED)

1 (Cont.)

ABE:
I'll take it.

He picks up the drink and crosses to the phone booth with it. Joe opens the door to receive the drink.

JOE:
(into phone)
That's right, Prince Aben el Sud . . . I thought you would. That's right, honey, six-thirty, Berth twenty-three, St. Francis Yacht Club. There'll be a motor launch there. . .

He takes his drink, nodding his thanks, and shuts the door of the booth, cutting the sound of his voice.

DISSOLVE TO:

2. A PIER ST. FRANCIS YACHT CLUB NIGHT

At a berth in the b.g. we see a partially-covered motor launch, the "Ship's Boat" of Aben el Sud's yacht. A cab comes into the SHOT and stops. KIRSTEN ARNESEN gets out of the cab. She is about twenty, dressed modestly in a skirt and jacket, a vision of simple soft radiant blondness. She pays the Driver and walks rapidly toward the motor launch.

3. THE LAUNCH

Six beautiful Girls, all elegantly bejeweled, gowned, coiffed and furred, are seated in the boat. Joe is standing in the stern with the Coxswain.

JOE:
(impatient)
Here comes number seven. Let's shove off.

The Coxswain starts the engine and prepares to cast off. Kirsten walks into the SHOT and boards the launch. Joe stares at her with disapproval.

JOE:
You're late. And you're not dressed right.

Kirsten is surprised at his tone and confused by his attitude. She looks at the other girls, vaguely wondering for a moment if she is in the right place.

(CONTINUED)

3 (Cont.)

JOE:
I said wear a cocktail dress, something peekaboo, very high heels, sparkle a little. You call that peekaboo?

They have a short staring match and she turns abruptly away and walks to the very bow of the boat, isolating herself. Joe watches her, burning.

The boat pulls away from the dock, sets a course for a luxurious yacht in mid-harbor.

4. JOE AND GIRLS IN LAUNCH

JOE:
(to girls, businesslike)
Now, let's go over the background just once more. This is all you'll need: Prince Aben el Sud comes from a country which is practically floating on a pool of oil. Mr. Trayner, of Trayner Drilling Corporation drills oil wells. Therefore Mr. Trayner wants to be certain his Oil-Rich Highness has a good time while he's here. So when his Oil-Rich Highness expressed a boyish wish to meet some "American actresses" because of his interest in the arts of all countries, Mr. Trayner was only too eager to oblige, or rather, to have his ad agency have a public relations man -- that's me -- oblige. This may come as a shock, but you, ladies, are those "American actresses." You're from MGM, just got your first big break; you've just signed with Warners; you're making a picture with Paramount. You think orientals are absolutely fascinating. You've always thought so. But don't push it. Let it happen. And don't forget -- please -- you've got class. Not too much class. You're just not cinches.
(with disgust)
That's going to be a tough part to play.
(to Kirsten, in bow of boat, her hair blowing)
Hey, you -- yeah, you. Are you listening to this?

(CONTINUED)

4 (Cont.)

KIRSTEN:
I can't hear you.

She faces forward again, ignoring him. At this moment he would like to throw her overboard.

DISSOLVE TO:

5. EXT. HARBOR NIGHT

The boat pulls up to the lowered gangway of the yacht.

6. CLOSER SHOT

Kirsten stands in the bow. As soon as the bow makes contact she steps onto the lower platform and goes up the steps towards the main deck.

JOE:
Hey, you!

Kirsten continues without looking back.

JOE:
Dumb broad. All right, girls.

He motions the girls to follow him, jumps onto the platform and runs up the steps after Kirsten. As Joe arrives topside he finds Kirsten talking to TRAYNER, a middle-aged fat-faced man. She hands him some papers out of her purse.

JOE:
Hey --
(then, sensing his mistake)
Oh.

TRAYNER:
(jovially)
You must be the new man from the agency.

JOE:
Yes, sir. Joe Clay. Mr. Trayner?

TRAYNER:
(shaking hands)
I see you've met my secretary.

(CONTINUED)

6 (Cont.)

KIRSTEN:
Not officially. He was much too busy.

She smiles coolly and walks away. The girls mounting the steps have caught Trayner's eye.

TRAYNER:
Say, these are fine.

JOE:
(eye on Kirsten)
Thanks.

TRAYNER:
Just fine and dandy.
(to first girl)
Hello, there.

DISSOLVE TO:

7. INT. MAIN SALON OF YACHT NIGHT

Luxurious decor. In the center of the salon are two groups, one consisting of about half-a-dozen middle-aged businessmen -- visibly successful ones -- talking to one of the "starlets." She is quite bored and keeps glancing at the second group, which consists of the other five "starlets" competing for the favor of a turbanned oriental in an American business suit. Trayner is on the rim of this group, encouraging the general camaraderie.

About a dozen other men and women, some of them oriental, make up the party. A uniformed servant passes among them with hors d'oeuvres. Another carries drinks. At the forward end of the salon is the bar, with a uniformed bartender. Joe is at the bar, sipping his drink, glumly watching the action, glancing often at --

Kirsten, who keeps herself alone, apart from the others, inspecting the ornate decor and priceless bric-a-brac with serene detachment, nibbling a chocolate bar. FEATURE KIRSTEN as she passes the group centered around the BORED GIRL:

SHORT MAN:
(to Bored Girl)
You were in "China Doll?"

(CONTINUED)

7 (Cont.)

BORED GIRL:
Just the chorus.

She continues glancing toward the Prince.

SHORT MAN:
I wan in Venezuela when that was on, but if I'd known you were in it --

LOUD MAN:
He'd have flown back here just to see it!

SHORT MAN:
I would've, by golly!

SUAVE MAN:
I saw that show. I recognize you now.

The Bored Girl is showing more and more interest in the group containing Prince Aben el Sud. The men see that they are about to lose her.

SUAVE MAN:
She looks great in a split skirt.

The men laugh.

LOUD MAN:
That'd be worth the price of the ticket alone!

BORED GIRL:
You know something? I still haven't met that gentleman.

Through this short exchange we have been FEATURING KIRSTEN. We stay with her as she saunters away slowly, out of hearing of the celebrants, towards a door aft leading out on deck.

LOUD'S MAN'S VOICE:
Well, Honey, we'll do something about that right now.

SHORT MAN'S VOICE:
The rich get richer.

There is a short pause and then we hear:

(CONTINUED)

7 (Cont. 1)

LOUD MAN'S VOICE:
Your Highness, excuse me. I've got a very talented little girl here who's just dying to make your acquaintance. Jenny -- what's your last name, Honey?

BORED GIRL'S VOICE:
Lane.

By now Kirsten has reached the after end of the salon and is out of earshot of the group.

Joe watches Kirsten.

Kirsten goes out the door, aft.

Joe rises and saunters unobtrusively out the forward door of the salon, carrying his drink.

8. EXT. THE MAIN DECK NIGHT

Kirsten is leaning at the rail looking at the San Francisco skyline. Joe approaches her.

JOE:
Can I buy you a drink?

Kirsten is startled. She turns quickly and heads for the door to go inside.

KIRSTEN:
Thanks, I don't drink.

He speeds up to overtake her and they enter the salon together.

9. INT. SALON

JOE:
Look, I'm sorry about mistaking you for one of the --

She stops and turns to him, interrupting him.

KIRSTEN:
So you're the new public relations man. Wha happened to Eddie?

(CONTINUED)

9 (Cont.)

JOE:
Eddie quit.

KIRSTEN:
But we liked him. Why did he quit?

JOE:
Little item called personal integrity. Eddie doesn't agree that getting dates for potentates is part of public relations.

KIRSTEN:
But isn't it?

JOE:
There's a word for it, but it's not public relations.

KIRSTEN:
Whatever it is, you seem to do it very well.

She walks away from him, turning her attention once again to her chocolate bar.

DISSOLVE TO:

10. EXT. QUARTER-DECK AREA NIGHT

The party is over, the last guests are piling unsteadily into the motor launch for the trip to shore. Featured on the steps of the gangway are Trayner, laughing and descending with precarious unbalance, and Kirsten, dutifully helping her boss and lending her sober young frame to lean on.

In the launch the guests are sprawled about in varying stages of drunkenness and exhaustion. Joe, much the worse for the evening's wear, is painfully counting the "starlets."

(CONTINUED)

10 (Cont.)

JOE:
Three, four . . . four. Is that right? Four? We had seven. No, six.
(to coxswain, who is preparing to cast off)
Hey, wait a minute. We're missing two dames.

TRAYNER:
(boarding the launch)
Two of the ladies aren't quite ready to go ashore.
(he winks broadly at Joe, and giggles almost losing his balance)
Not quite ready.

JOE:
(somewhat foolishly)
Well, I guess I'm to be congratulated on a job well done.

Kirsten gives him a look that would burn down a barn.

TRAYNER:
Oh, yes, well done, well done.

Kirsten helps the giggling Trayner to a seat. He leans heavily on her.

The launch circles away from the yacht.

DISSOLVE TO:

11. EXT. MARKET STREET LATE AFTERNOON

People coming out of office buildings, hurrying in all directions.

Soon we pick out Joe on the street, but swimming against the tide, trying to go into one of the buildings. He is carrying a small package. He glances at his watch, picks a spot and shoulders his way through the door. He is in a big hurry but he looks closely at the people as they pass, as though looking for somebody.

12. INT. BUILDING

Joe hurries to the elevator, inspects the debouching crowd, then boards the empty car.

13. INT. ELEVATOR

Joe and the operator are alone. The operator yawns. Joe glances alternately at his watch and at the indicator slowly ticking off the floors.

The elevator stops, the doors open, Joe pushes out through the incoming mass of people. He walks quickly to a door marked "Trayner Drilling Corporation" and enters.

14. INT. TRAYNER DRILLING CORP. OFFICES DAY

Expensively decorated. Kirsten's desk is just outside Trayner's private office, the door to which is open. Kirsten is seated at her desk reading a book. As she reads she breaks off pieces from a large chocolate bar on her desk and pops them into her mouth.

Through the open door to Trayner's office we may see a cleaning woman working. Joe breezes in with a big smile.

JOE:
Hi.

Kirsten isn't cordial. She immediately shuts her book and begins to prepare to leave the office: Puts candy into drawer, clears top of desk, etc.

KIRSTEN:
Mr. Trayner isn't here.

(CONTINUED)

14 (Cont.)

JOE:
Say, that's a bit of luck, because you're the one I came to see. I thought maybe we could be friends.

She ignores him, clearing her desk.

JOE: (Cont.)
Well?

KIRSTEN:
Excuse me, please. I have to meet Mr. Trayner at a board meeting.

JOE:
Look - we sort of got started on the wrong foot, and it was sort of my fault, so I sort of brought a peace offering.

He offers box of candy.

KIRSTEN:
(not taking it)
Why?

JOE:
(still breezy and ingratiating)
Well, we sort of have to work together. I mean I'll be coming up to see your boss from time to time and --

KIRSTEN:
Look, Mr. Clay -- that's your name, isn't it? -- Mr. Trayner is the one you have to please, and he's very happy with what you've done so far.

JOE:
(still proferring candy)
Suppose I wanted to please <u>you</u> --

KIRSTEN:
There's no reason for you to please me, Mr. Clay.

JOE:
(still offering the candy)
It's peanut brittle.

KIRSTEN:
You're forcing me to be rude. I hate peanut brittle.

(CONTINUED)

14 (Cont.1)
She continues preparing to leave the office. Joe looks at the candy as though it were some kind of abnormal growth. He glances into Trayner's office and sees the charwoman watching him. She quickly resumes her work.

Joe raises the candy above his head and slams it viciously into a waste basket, eliciting only a glance from Kirsten. He walks out. Kirsten crosses to the desk, picks up her purse and gloves, opens the drawer as an afterthought and breaks off another chunk of chocolate, and crosses to the door.

KIRSTEN:
Good night, Gladys.

GLADYS:
(the cleaning woman)
Good night, Miss Arnesen.

Kirsten goes out.

15. EXT. HALL

Joe is waiting for the elevator. Kirsten stands apart from him, nibbling her chocolate. Joe is really steaming. He keeps looking at her as though wondering how to assassinate her without getting caught.

The elevator arrives. Kirsten serenely steps in. Joe acts as though he's going to wait for another car. The ELEVATOR OPERATOR looks at him quizzically.

ELEVATOR OPERATOR:
Down?

Joe reluctantly gets into the elevator.

16. INT. ELEVATOR

Three or four other passengers are there. For a few moments Joe ignores Kirsten, but finally he can't bear it any longer.

JOE:
As long as we're on the subject of what people do for a living, let me ask you a question that might embarrass you a little.

The other passengers look at Kirsten. She looks off into space as though she doesn't know who he's talking to.

(CONTINUED)

16 (Cont.)

JOE: (Cont.)
What special qualifications do you think you have for a job that allows you to sit around all day and chat with the boss -- oh, I've heard about your job -- and answer a few personal letters for him and accompany him to parties and spend half your working day reading a book, while two typists who get less money than you do all the work?

The elevator stops, the doors open to the ground floor. The action reminds Joe that people have been listening and that he has let himself get carried away. The people push past him to get out of the elevator.

KIRSTEN:
(to the elevator operator, airily)
That reminds me, I forgot my book.

She remains at the back of the elevator. The elevator operator looks at Joe, waiting for him to get out, finally gives up, shrugs, shuts doors, and starts up. He looks from one to the other of the warring factions, and finally, unable to stand the tension:

ELEVATOR OPERATOR:
She always carries that book.

JOE:
(bursting out as before)
I'll tell you what special qualifications you have! You're pretty, that's what special qualifications you have. And that old lech loves to have you around to look at and to lean on when he gets drunk like he did last night, and who knows what else, that's what special qualifications you have!

During his speech the elevator stops, and the doors open. Kirsten slaps him hard and gets off. Joe is stunned for a moment. Again the operator wonders if he's going to get off or not. He has about decided he isn't when he does, barely beating the doors.

17. INT. HALL DAY

Joe hurries to catch up with Kirsten.

(CONTINUED)

17 (Cont.)

JOE:
Listen, I'm sorry. I shouldn't have said that. I just came up to try to be friends. I was going to ask you to have dinner with me.

They enter the offices.

18. INT. TRAYNER DRILLING CORP. OFFICES

As Joe and Kirsten enter.

Gladys, the charwoman, is seated at Kirsten's desk having a piece of peanut brittle from the box Joe threw in the waste basket. She jumps up as they enter.

KIRSTEN:
That's all right, Gladys, I just came back to get my book.

GLADYS:
(standing awkwardly at attention)
Yes, ma'am ... This sure is wonderful peanut brittle, sir.

Suddenly Kirsten begins to laugh.

KIRSTEN:
(to Joe)
Peanut brittle. I think you must be the silliest man I've ever met. Peanut brittle!

JOE:
(really stung)
I think you may be right. Forget it.

He walks out. Kirsten stops laughing and looks after him.

KIRSTEN:
Mr. Clay?

19. INT. HALL

Joe keeps going. Kirsten runs after him, catches him in front of the elevator.

KIRSTEN:
I didn't mean that. I didn't, honest. Honest.

The elevator doors open.

JOE:
(subdued)
That's O.K.

(CONTINUED)

19 (Cont.)
He gets on. Kirsten follows him. The doors shut.

20. INT. ELEVATOR

Now Kirsten is watching Joe. He stands there with his head down, sulking.

ELEVATOR OPERATOR:
Well, I see you got your book, all right.

Neither Kirsten nor Joe seems to hear the elevator operator. There is a stifling, awkward silence. Finally the elevator doors open at the main floor.

Joe looks up at Kirsten. Their eyes meet for several seconds. The elevator operator fidgets. Kirsten steps off the elevator, waits for Joe.

21. INT. BUILDING FOYER

JOE:
Well, good night.

He walks toward the street.

KIRSTEN:
Good night.

She watches him walk away. Suddenly she runs after him.

22. EXT. MARKET STREET LATE AFTERNOON

Kirsten catches up to Joe.

KIRSTEN:
Mr. Clay ...
(he stops)
I thought you said that you were planning to ask me to dinner.

JOE:
Well, I was, but --

KIRSTEN:
Well, why don't you? I mean, the board meeting won't be over till seven-thirty, and I won't have time to change, so we'd have to go to a kind of a casual place, but --

He looks at her steadily, cruelly leaving her hanging, floundering. Finally, he grins and offers his arm. She takes it and they walk away together.

DISSOLVE TO:

23. INT. RESTAURANT NIGHT

a colorful candle-lit cafe with wine bottles hanging about and travel posters on the walls. Joe and Kirsten are in a booth. Kirsten's book is on the table at her elbow. They are dressed as before. They are laughing at something which they consider very funny. Joe finishes off a drink and motions to the waiter.

KIRSTEN:
At a board meeting! Can you imagine? All these big old jowly men, staring at me, and Mr. Trayner says, "No, I couldn't get along without her. She's right there when I need her. 'Specially when I have a couple too many -- takes care of me like a little mother." Then he gives me one of those special proprietary hugs of his, and suddenly I realized I owe you an apology, because I'm just as bad as you -- I mean I guess everybody swallows his pride once in a while on account of his job.

Joe has been shaking his head, denying her statement. The waiter arrives.

JOE:
I had no business saying that to you.
(to waiter)
Hit me again.

WAITER:
Nothing for the lady?

KIRSTEN:
Nothing, thanks.

The waiter retires.

JOE:
What you got against booze?

KIRSTEN:
I don't much see the point of it.

JOE:
Point? It makes you feel good.

KIRSTEN:
I already feel good. And I don't like the taste of it, anyhow.

(CONTINUED)

23 (Cont.)

JOE:
What do you like?

KIRSTEN:
Chocolate.

JOE:
Chocolate?

KIRSTEN:
I'm practically nutty about it.

She opens her purse, shows him a big chocolate bar.

JOE:
(he has an idea)
Hold everything.

He gets up and crosses to the bar. Kirsten watches him curiously as he says a few words to the bartender.

She starts to shut her purse, but can't resist the chocolate. She breaks off a little chunk and pops it into her mouth as Joe returns to the booth.

KIRSTEN:
What did you do?

JOE:
You'll see.

KIRSTEN:
I think we ought to order, don't you?

JOE:
Few minutes.
(he studies her)
Kirsten Arnesen . . . no wonder you're so hard to get along with. You're not even "Amurrican."

KIRSTEN:
Ever drive down the peninsula toward San Mateo? Arnesen Nursery, that's us. That was us. Oh, Dad's a good man, wonderful man. But I couldn't take it. I kept thinking to myself "You're pretty, you're pretty, and here you are." A girl knows it when she's pretty. And there I was blushing unseen, wasting my sweetness on the desert air. Gray's Elegy.

(CONTINUED)

23 (Cont.1)

JOE:
(amused)
You get that out of this book?

KIRSTEN:
Not this one. This is volume JA-LA.
(she pronounces it "jaylay")
Gray's in volume GO-KU.
("Gokoo")

JOE:
(looking at book)
"World Library of Great Literature."
JA to LA.
(laughing)
Jaylay.

KIRSTEN:
Dad bought them for my high school graduation. He said if I read all the way from AB-BU to YA-ZU it would be equivalent to a college education.

JOE:
Jaylay -- that puts you about the middle of your sophomore year.

Waiter puts drinks before them.

KIRSTEN:
Oh, I'm sorry, I didn't want any.

JOE:
(to waiter)
It's okay.

Waiter goes.

KIRSTEN:
But --

JOE:
Special for you. Chocolate. Try it.

Kirsten picks up the drink and puts it slowly to her lips for a taste. She is intrigued by the flavor. She takes a big sip and savors it.

KIRSTEN:
Say -- that's good. It <u>is</u>.

(CONTINUED)

23 (Cont.2)

KIRSTEN: (Cont.)
(another sip)
Very ...
(she is delighted)

JOE:
See what I mean? Brandy Alexander, they call it.

KIRSTEN:
Say, now.

DISSOLVE TO:

24. EXT. VALLEJO STREET IN SAN FRANCISCO NIGHT

A cab pulls up in front of an old apartment house. Joe gets out, hands money to driver and gives Kirsten his hand, pulling her out of the cab and onto the curb with such exuberance that they are spun around in an accidental little dance.

Joe is slightly drunk.

Kirsten is still clutching her book, and she is exhilarated, but there is no hint of intoxication about her.

KIRSTEN:
Oh, look!

25. P.O.V. SHOT

They look out over the city from the hill where she lives.

KIRSTEN'S VOICE:
It looks more beautiful than ever tonight.

26. TWO SHOT

KIRSTEN:
You know something? You were absolutely right about that Brandy thing --

JOE:
Alexander --

KIRSTEN:
About it making me feel good -

(CONTINUED)

26 (Cont.)

JOE:
You only had one -- chicken.

KIRSTEN:
And I feel wonderful!

JOE:
Feel like asking me up for coffee?

KIRSTEN:
(quickly coming down to earth)
Some other night, Joe. Do you mind?
(Joe shrugs)
Anyway, I'm not quite ready to go up. Want to walk down to the river?

JOE:
Why not?

They start down the hill together as we -

DISSOLVE TO:

27. EXT. JOE AND KIRSTEN LEANING AT A RAIL AT FISHERMAN'S WHARF NIGHT

Behind them is a bench and nearby is a street light. Sounds: Boat whistle, bell, fog horn, etc. It is much later, their mirth has subsided, and Joe is a bit drunker.

Joe takes a drink from a flat pint bottle and places it carefully at his feet.

Kirsten stares hypnotized into the water.

JOE:
Well, there goes another boat out to the Prince's yacht. Another load of pigs.

KIRSTEN:
(with admiration)
I don't see how you can drink that stuff like that, right out of the bottle. It must taste awful.

JOE:
(philosophically)
Well, anything that's worth having is worth suffering for, isn't it?

(CONTINUED)

27 (Cont.)

KIRSTEN:
(tickled by his absurd seriousness)
I suppose so.

She looks upon Joe with a mixture of amazement, affection and tolerant amusement.

JOE:
Wanta sit on the bench a while?

KIRSTEN:
(dreamily)
I like to watch the water. If you look close it's filthy. I watch farther out, where it's clean. You know what I think? I think I watch the water because I expect a sea monster to come up out of there some day and carry me down to the ocean caves . . .

JOE:
Mom and Pop are a club act -- you know, songs, dances, snappy jokes -- old time vaude. They're playing some loud joint in Vegas right this minute.

KIRSTEN:
Are they good?

JOE:
(shrugging)
You know.
(then)
Oh, they were on Ed Sullivan couple years ago.

KIRSTEN:
But you didn't like that kind of life.

JOE:
I wanted something steady, something with a little class. Like this Trayner Drilling account -- class.

KIRSTEN:
Joe -- don't hate yourself. We all have to do things we don't like. That's part of your job.

(CONTINUED)

27 (Cont. 1)

JOE:
No! It's not! And I'll tell the agency! I want to be a public relations man, not a pimp! My job is supposed to be to advise people on how to relate to the public. To see that the good my client does is made known, to help him decide how to do good and benefit others as well as himself! Not to be a garbage man, the eunuch of a harem!

They are silent for several moments, Joe despising himself; Kirsten, half-stranger and half-friend, wonders what she can say to him that will help him.

JOE:
So I take it out on you. Great.

KIRSTEN:
I don't mind.

JOE:
Short story: Man meets girl, beautiful, sweet, nice, much too nice for him --
(she starts to protest)
The only kind a guy should bother with. Finally, in spite of numerous strategical blunders, he manages to get a date with her, walks her down to the bay under the stars, proceeds to get himself loaded, and cries on her shoulder like a baby.
(to himself)
Hiya, lover.

KIRSTEN:
Joe, I'm enjoying being here with you.

JOE:
The great lover.

KIRSTEN:
After all, you've helped me avoid my apartment until the last possible moment, which is quite a triumph in itself, you know? The Roach Kingdom.

(CONTINUED)

27 (Cont. 2)

KIRSTEN: (Cont.)
The whole building. The whole block. Owned and operated by roaches. If you don't leave food for the roaches you're not allowed in the building. The roaches will carry you right out into the street and change the lock on your door.

JOE:
The Roach Kingdom.
(he drinks)

KIRSTEN:
Sometimes I come down here by myself and look at the water, just to keep from going home.

JOE:
You dumb kid! You can't come down here by yourself at night! This place is crawling with all kinds of odd balls.

KIRSTEN:
They walk by me real slow sometimes and stare, but they never do anything. I don't know why.

JOE:
Holy -- !

KIRSTEN:
I dreamed one time they murdered me behind those pilings over there, and my Dad drove all the way in from the peninsula and took my body home in his pick-up truck. And all the way home he kept talking to me, talked a blue streak all the way home. But I was dead and couldn't answer him. The strange thing is, my father never talks. Oh, he used to talk, he used to talk to my mother in a low low voice at night after I'd gone to bed. But during the day they hardly talked at all. They had a very private love affair. Their favorite toast to each other was, "Til samen e himlin". In Norwegian that means "Together in heaven"...

(CONTINUED)

27 (Cont. 3)

JOE:
Til Samen e himlin.

KIRSTEN:
(corrects his pronunciation)
Til samen e himlin. You've got to get the lilt.

JOE:
Til samen e himlin.

KIRSTEN:
Together in heaven. They meant it, too. After Mama died he was more silent than ever. Almost as though he'd gone with her.
(she suddenly makes an effort to throw off the gloom)
Well, gather ye rosebuds while ye may.

JOE:
Yeah. Well, here goes the coup de grace.
(he tilts the bottle high, finishes it off)

KIRSTEN:
Would you believe it's four o'clock?

JOE:
(in no hurry)
Time does not exist in the ocean.

KIRSTEN:
It will in the office, tomorrow.

Joe caps bottle, tosses it into the bay.

JOE:
I commend thee to the deep.

KIRSTEN:
(reciting softly, watching the bottle float away)
"They are not long, the days of wine and roses:
Out of a misty dream
our path emerges for a while, then closes
within a dream."

Joe suddenly turns her to him and kisses her. She pushes him away.

KIRSTEN:
I think we'd better start back . . .

DISSOLVE TO:

28. INT. JOE'S OUTER OFFICE MORNING

A typical office in Montgomery Street ad agency space. Smaller office of secretary in front. Joe's secretary, NEL, is typing. RADFORD LELAND, a slender, white-templed, Ivy League man of forty, walks into the shot.

LELAND:
He come in?

NEL:
Yes, sir.

Leland approaches door to Joe's office.

29. INT. JOE'S OFFICE

Joe has apparently just sat down at his desk, and is rolling up his sleeves as Leland sticks his head in the door.

JOE:
(heartily)
Come in, Rad.

LELAND:
Trayner's been trying to get you all morning.

JOE:
(laughing)
This was one morning I couldn't quite make it.

LELAND:
Those days happen. He's praising you to the skies, Joe.

JOE:
Oh -- thanks.

LELAND:
This Prince Whatsisname was so pleased with the whole thing that Trayner wants to throw another party tomorrow night.

JOE:
Tomorrow night?

LELAND:
Better call him about it.

(CONTINUED)

29 (Cont.)

JOE:
Oh . . .

LELAND:
(going)
And congrats on a very happy client.

JOE:
Uh, Rad . . .
(Leland stops in the door)
Could I -- could I talk to you?

Leland comes back into the room and shuts the door. He spreads his hands in a gesture meaning "Anything you want."

JOE:
Well, I don't know how to start. I know this Trayner thing has to be done -- I mean, arrangements like that have to be made from time to time, but -- well --

LELAND:
(pleasant)
You don't like to make 'em, eh?

JOE:
Well, I realize it's part of the job --

LELAND:
Makes you feel dirty. Don't blame you for a minute, Joe. But I don't know what we can do about it. Unless we put another man on there. We could do that. Some of the boys don't mind that sort of thing.

JOE:
Oh, I didn't mean -- you know -- it's not that I can't do it -- I can do it, all right -- I don't mean that -- it's just -- you know --

LELAND:
(thinking)
You'd rather not. Let's see now.

JOE:
I didn't mean I won't do it, Rad. After all, this is the first account of any size you guys have put me on, I hate to take the coward's way out.

(CONTINUED)

29 (Cont.1)

LELAND:
I think I've got a flash.
(he picks up Joe's phone)
Nel, get me Roger Acton, will you? That's right.
(hangs up. Continues to Joe)
If Roger goes along with this we've solved your problem to everyone's advantage.

JOE:
(very uncomfortable)
Well, gee, Rad, I hate to give the impression that I'm complaining. I mean I just got on the account, and -- he may take a dim view of --

LELAND:
Oh, no, no, he'll admire your integrity, if anything. Believe me --
(phone rings.
Leland picks it up)
Yes? Thanks, Nel. Rog? Got a little prob here with Joe. You know we put him on that Trayner Drilling account -- Yeah --
(to Joe)
He says he heard Trayner was delighted with you --
(into phone)
Well, here's the prob, Rog -- that's right, exactly --
(to Joe, grinning)
He says same deal as Eddie, huh?
(into phone)
Oh, he knows somebody's got to, Rog, but let me just pull something out of a hat here and we'll see if it hops for us: You heard about Gordon's diagnosis? That means four months on the wagon at least, and strictly. So, just projecting ahead, this is going to make him pretty dull company for Ballefoy, so -- you're way ahead of me, Rog. And I'm sure Gordon would love the whole Trayner operation, right down his alley -- Good. Good. That's what you pay me for, Rog . . . Righto.
(hangs up. To Joe)
Here's the deal, Gordon's got an ulcer and can't drink any more. One of Gordon's accounts is Covington Farms --

(CONTINUED)

29 (Cont.2)

JOE:
I know.

LELAND:
Ballefoy, the vice-president with whom Gordon has to stay in constant touch, is a bit of a lush and likes to confer with the public relations man over a few dozen drinks. Thus Gordon's unfortunate handicap renders him virtually useless on the account. You, on the other hand, being the acknowledged champion tosspot of the third floor, should fit into the picture admirably. Want to meet him this afternoon?

JOE:
Why not?

LELAND:
(picking up phone)
You two will get on famously. In fact, you'll probably confer yourselves into a stupor.

JOE:
Not today, I've got a big date tonite . . .

DISSOLVE TO:

30. EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF KIRSTEN'S APARTMENT LATE AFTERNOON

We see Joe walking down the street toward Kirsten's building with a large bag of groceries in either arm. Looking at him closely we can see that he has been drinking enough to achieve optimism and exhilaration without impairment of balance. He trots up the steps to the front door, manages to ring the bell. Because of the size of the packages he has trouble opening the door, but his party spirit never lags.

31. INT. HALLWAY

KIRSTEN'S VOICE:
Joe, that you?

JOE:
Yeah.

(CONTINUED)

31 (Cont.)

KIRSTEN'S VOICE:
Come up to three.

JOE:
Okay.

KIRSTEN'S VOICE:
What in the world are you carrying?

JOE:
Just a couple of things to go with dinner.

KIRSTEN'S VOICE:
Wait, I'll help you.

Kirsten runs down the stairs and takes one of the packages out of Joe's arms.

KIRSTEN:
I was afraid you'd forgotten.

JOE:
Sorry I'm so late, but I was very, very busy.

They walk up the stairs together.

KIRSTEN:
So I notice.

JOE:
I had a couple with my new account.

KIRSTEN:
Your new -- ! You didn't!

JOE:
I did.

KIRSTEN:
You're off the Trayner Drilling account?

JOE:
I am.

KIRSTEN:
You are a man of principle.

Kirsten offers this appraisal lightly, but Joe seems to take it seriously. They walk up several steps while he ponders its significance, and then decides to ignore it.

(CONTINUED)

31 (Cont.1)

JOE:
I may wish I was back getting girls for Trayner before this is over. This new guy, Ballefoy, is murder. I mean he drinks with both hands. And if you can't keep up with him, you can't communicate.

They arrive at the third floor landing and Kirsten leads Joe through an open door into her apartment.

32. INT. KIRSTEN'S APARTMENT

It is small and neat and very feminine. The table is set for two.

JOE:
(looking around)
So, this is the Roach Kingdom.

KIRSTEN:
(laughing)
You have been busy, haven't you?

JOE:
You'll catch up in jig time.
(he starts removing contents of the two paper bags)
Brandy Alexanders -- I got the makin's right here -- Brandy -- Creme de Cacao --

KIRSTEN:
Maybe we'd better go <u>out</u> to dinner.

JOE:
No planned seduction, my dear. Just the natural accouterments to a home-cooked meal. Now wait a minute, what is this?
(he draws a chocolate cake out of the bag)
A chocolate cake with chocolate icing.
(Kirsten is delighted)
And of course champagne for dinner.
(he brandishes two bottles of champagne)
And for me, plain unassuming solid citizen type man of principle that I am, the homey comforts of
(he pulls a six-pack of soda bottles out of the bag)

(CONTINUED)

32 (Cont.)

JOE: (Cont.)
Soda and --
(he pulls another bottle out of the bag, hands it to her. She immediately begins to make him a drink)
Scotch!
(he prepares the next extraction from the bag with a dramatic flourish)
So this is the Roach Kingdom, eh? This is where the roaches rule supreme, eh? We'll see about that! This is war!

He brings an insecticide bomb out of the bag with a gr gesture, giving it a little squirt into the air for emphasis.

KIRSTEN:
(laughing)
You are really too much.

Joe starts spraying into the cracks in the wall.

JOE:
I just don't believe in letting these little subversive elements take over.

KIRSTEN:
Man of principle, I salute you!

Something about this dampens Joe's enthusiasm.

JOE:
(spraying)
Salute me with some of that stuff, huh?

KIRSTEN:
(mixing)
I know. -- And take it easy on the soda.

JOE:
(spraying)
You want to hear something funny? I didn't really quit the Trayner Drilling account.

KIRSTEN:
(alarmed)
But --

(CONTINUED

32 (Cont.1)

JOE:
(quickly)
Oh, I'm off it all right. I just hinted to him that it was sort of distasteful to me and they took me off it.

KIRSTEN:
Well?

JOE:
What bothers me is, I didn't demand to be taken off, or even ask to be taken off, I just hinted. And even hinting scared me to death. If there had been any argument at all I'd've stayed on the account. I practically apologized for hinting, even. What do you think of that?

KIRSTEN:
Well, Joe -- at least you hinted. Most people in your position wouldn't even hint, they'd be so insecure.

She hands him a drink.

JOE:
(raising his glass, drily)
Here's to men of principle -- wherever they may be.

She is about to remonstrate with him about running himself down, but the doorbell rings. Kirsten crosses to the door.

KIRSTEN:
Who is it?

HOARSE VOICE:
(O.S.)
It's me, from next door -- Dotty.

Kirsten opens the door.

KIRSTEN:
Hi, Dotty.

DOTTY:
(a dumpling shaped woman)
You spraying in here?

KIRSTEN:
Spraying? Oh -- yes, we --

(CONTINUED)

32 (Cont.2)

DOTTY:
(nonstop)
You ought not to do that. You get 'em all stirred up, and what's the good? You made a mess. You got to think of other people, you know. I mean, I don't like to complain, but this is ridiculous ... They don't bother anybody, they don't destroy anything, you know they're there, you leave 'em alone, they leave you alone, you lock up what you don't want crawled on and that's that. But all of a sudden you start spraying that stuff in the walls and look at the mess!

VOICE FROM DOWNSTAIRS:
Hey, up there! Somebody sprayin' up there?

VOICE FROM UPSTAIRS:
Hey, who's sprayin' down there? What's the big idea down there?

33. SHOT JOE, KIRSTEN, DOTTY

Dotty is still talking.

DOTTY:
What am I supposed to do now? You got 'em mad, you got 'em crazy.

34. SHOT UP STAIRWELL

Heads pop over the rails. Irate faces.

TENANTS:
Hey, down there! Knock it off, huh? Who's the nut with the spray can?

35. SHOT DOWN STAIRWELL

TENANTS:
(overlapping with tenants above)
Whattaya tryna do up there? You tryna run us outa the building up there?

36. RESUME JOE, KIRSTEN, DOTTY

DOTTY:
(nonstop)
I mean that was a terrible thing to do, a terrible thing, terrible.

JOE:
(simultaneously)
Lady, I'm sorry. Lady, listen to me, I'm sorry. I'll come over with a broom and -- lady, please, will you --

She walks away, wringing her hands, still talking.

DOTTY:
What am I supposed to do now? Will you answer me that one question? What am I supposed to do now?

Kirsten has disappeared into the apartment. Joe goes in and shuts the door.

37. INT. KIRSTEN'S APARTMENT

Kirsten is laughing uncontrollably. She is barely able to speak.

KIRSTEN:
Didn't I tell you? You've -- you've -- undermined -- the whole -- the whole -- basal metabolism -- of the building -- I'm warning you, Joe -- you'd better grow a beard -- and move out of town -- because those roaches saw you -- and the word will spread -- and if they ever track you down you're a goner ...

She is weak from laughter. She falls into his arms. He kisses her, they cling together.

DISSOLVE TO:

38. EXT. BALL PARK DAY

Joe and Kirsten at a ball game. The crack of a bat, roar of the crowd. Kirsten and Joe stand up with the others, Kirsten hugging Joe in her excitement.

JOE:
(to vendor)
Hey, beer!

He holds up one finger.

DISSOLVE TO:

39. INT. NIGHT CLUB NIGHT

It is very late. Kirsten and Joe are dancing, absorbed in each other. Joe is moderately tight. As they turn we see Joe has brought his glass on the dance floor with him.

DISSOLVE TO:

40. EXT. STREET DAY

A CREW-CUT MAN, resembling a middle-aged boy, hails Joe in the street. Both are in a hurry.

CREW-CUT MAN:
Hey, Joe Clay!

JOE:
Hiya, Harvey.

CREW-CUT MAN:
I called you back but you were long-lunching it.

JOE:
You know Bellefoy. Look, I gotta show you those mats --

CREW-CUT MAN:
Not now. See you at the pub.

JOE:
Five o'clock?

CREW-CUT MAN:
Buy you a drink.

They separate, each rushing in the opposite direction. We GO WITH Joe as he almost collides with a mounted policeman's horse as he veers out to cross the street.

(CONTINUED)

40 (Cont.)

JOE:
(to horse)
See you Saturday.

DISSOLVE TO:

41. INT. GRANDSTAND DAY

We are at Bay Meadows just before the beginning of the first race. There are lines in front of all the parimutuel windows.

P.A. SYSTEM:
- Number Six, Baby Belle, owned by Mr. and Mrs. Hugh J. Klevinger of Klamath Falls, Indiana, driven by etc., etc.

We PICK OUT Joe and Kirsten running through the crowd.

42. CLOSE TRAVELING SHOT JOE AND KIRSTEN

JOE:
We'll barely make the Daily Double window.

KIRSTEN:
Wouldn't you be lucky if we didn't.

JOE:
Not this time. This time I've got it figured, everything scientific. It's the difference between the first two numbers of my license plate plus the difference between the second two numbers of my license plate: 32.

They are near the queue in front of the Daily Double window, but Joe, instead of getting in line, veers to the bar nearby, dashing into an opening and signaling frantically.

JOE:
Double Scotch here, double Scotch.

We watch Joe jiggle nervously and light a cigarette and glance at the clock and the Daily Double line as the bartender pours his drink. Kirsten, waiting a few feet away, watches this part of the operation with unconcealed disapproval. Joe grabs his drink, slaps a bill on the counter, and dashes back to Kirsten.

JOE:
Come on, come on, they'll close the window on us.

Together they get in the Daily Double line.

(CONTINUED)

42 (Cont.)

KIRSTEN:
(sweetly)
Did it ever occur to you that you'd have a lot more time if you didn't make so many detours?

JOE:
Aw, come on. I'm having a little fun.

As they talk they move steadily toward the window.

KIRSTEN:
How can you tell?

JOE:
Look, what's going on here? I take a couple of drinks and all of a sudden it's a federal case.

KIRSTEN:
A couple?

JOE:
Yea.

KIRSTEN:
Let's see. Two at lunch--

JOE:
How'd you know?

KIRSTEN:
You always do.

JOE:
Okay, so what?

KIRSTEN:
A double at my place --

JOE:
While waiting for you to get ready, something else I always do.

KIRSTEN:
Another one since we've been here.

JOE:
Okay okay okay, I'm out in the car in the parking lot, passed out. So leave me alone and let me sleep.

They are silent. The line carries them forward toward the window.

(CONTINUED)

42 (Cont. 1)

P.A. SYSTEM:
The trotters are in the hands of the starter.

The people still in line behind Joe and Kirsten are restless. They mutter their frustration and fear that the window will close before they place their bets.

BETTORS:
Come on, come on.
Hey, let's go up there!
Let's get a bet down, buddy.
Speed it up, Mack.

Joe is staring at Kirsten.

JOE:
(finally)
Look, do I needle you when you stop at one lousy Brandy Alexander? Let's have a ball. You gotta have confidence in me.

Joe and Kirsten have arrived at the window.

JOE:
I have confidence in <u>you</u>. Tell you what I'll do: What's your birthday? May third. Okay.

BETTOR:
Hey, fella, come on, move it, huh?

JOE:
(counting on his fingers)
January, February, March, April, May -- fifth month, third day. Fifty-three.

BETTOR:
Hey, come on, we got bets to place, fella. Move it, move it.

JOE:
(to seller)
Fifty-three, five times.
(as the tickets pop out of the machine)
See the confidence I got in you?

He takes the tickets. He and Kirsten walk away. The seller shuts the window. The man who was behind Joe in the line stands there with a wad of betting money in his hand, looking after Joe. We can't hear what he is saying, but it is visibly abusive.

P.A. SYSTEM:
Annnnnd they're off!

DISSOLVE TO:

43. EXT. TRACK LONG SHOT THE HORSES RUNNING DAY

Behind each is a tiny racing sulky and silk-clad driver.

44. SHOT THE CROWD NOISY AND RESTLESS

45. CLOSE SHOT JOE AND KIRSTEN

Joe is worried.

46. LONG SHOT THE HORSES

They are closely bunched on a turn.

P.A. SYSTEM:
-- And turning into the stretch it is Number Six, Baby Belle, in front with Number Five, Meadow Goog, coming up on the outside.

47. SHOT THE CROWD

P.A. SYSTEM:
-- In the stretch it is Baby Belle and Meadow Goog --

48. CLOSE SHOT KIRSTEN AND JOE

Joe has gotten caught up in the excitement. Kirsten watches him.

P.A. SYSTEM:
-- Baby Belle and Meadow Goog --

JOE:
(yelling)
Come on Meadow Goog! Come on, boy. Come on, Meadow Goog!

49. SHOT THE HORSES

Number Five is clearly visible in the lead.

50. SHOT JOE AND KIRSTEN

JOE:
He did it! He did it! Old Meadow Goog!

(CONTINUED)

50 (Cont.)

P.A. SYSTEM:
(overlapping)
-- The unofficial winner, Number Five, Meadow Goog --

JOE:
(trying to get Kirsten to participate)
That's us! That's the first half of our double ticket! Now let's pray for Number Three in the second race. See how they run when you drink to 'em?

He lifts his glass. Kirsten is not amused.

DISSOLVE TO:

51. EXT. TRACK DAY

The starting gate truck is leading the horses down the track. The truck speeds up. The horses are straining to keep their noses to the gate. Now the truck pulls out in front of the horses, folding its gate out of the way.

P.A. SYSTEM:
Annnnd they're off!! --

During the following the P.A. System calls the race with the name "Cherry Bomb" prominent above the other sounds.

52. SHOT JOE AND KIRSTEN

Kirsten is still not participating, but Joe is feverishly involved.

JOE:
That's our horse going into the lead. Number Three, Cherry Bomb.
(yelling)
Come on, Cherry Bomb!

But he can't ignore the fact that Kirsten isn't sharing his enthusiasm. As he studies Kirsten, this problem somewhat sobers him.

Behind Kirsten and Joe are a trio of Boisterous Boors, three shirt-sleeve ignoramuses blowing in their week's pay on beer and horses. When they speak to Joe, Joe ignores them, continuing to look at Kirsten.

(CONTINUED)

52 (Cont.)

FIRST BOISTEROUS BOOR:
(to Joe)
Hey, you got Cherry Bomb? We got Cherry Bomb. We gonna all be rich.
(to other two Boisterous Boors)
They got Cherry Bomb, too.

SECOND BOISTEROUS BOOR:
(yelling)
Come on, Cherry Bomb!

THIRD BOISTEROUS BOOR:
Old Cherry Bomb's goin' all the way!

SECOND BOISTEROUS BOOR:
(yelling)
Come on, Cherry Bomb, you bum!

THREE BOISTEROUS BOORS:
(ear-splittingly)
Cherry Bomb! Cherry Bomb! Come on, Cherry Bomb! etc.

53. SHOT THE HORSES ON THE TRACK

Cherry Bomb is leading.

P.A. SYSTEM:
-- and on the far turn it's Number Three, Cherry Bomb, leading by one length, with Dervish Queen second, and --

54. SHOT RESUME JOE AND KIRSTEN

Joe is still looking at Kirsten, ignoring the race. The crowd, especially the three Boisterous Boors, is making so much noise it would be impossible to hear Joe if he spoke.

THREE BOISTEROUS BOORS:
(unceasingly and deafeningly)
Cherry Bomb! Cherry Bomb! Cherry Bomb!

P.A. SYSTEM:
-- coming into the stretch it's Cherry Bomb by one-half length, with Dervish Queen second on the outside, and --

(CONTINUED)

54 (Cont.)
The P.A. System continues to call the race over the following.

Joe turns Kirsten to face him and tilts her face up. He pantomimes and forms words with his mouth.

JOE:
(inaudibly)
I -- love -- you.

Kirsten is too touched to answer. She stares at him, wide-eyed. Joe pantomimes again and forms words as before.

JOE:
Do -- you -- love -- me?

Kirsten nods.

JOE:
(pantomiming)
Will -- you -- marry -- me?

Kirsten nods vigorously, blinking away tears. Joe gathers her into his arms and kisses her.

P.A. SYSTEM:
-- the unofficial winner, Number Three, Cherry Bomb...

The crowd and the three Boisterous Boors are screaming their heads off. First Boisterous Boor taps Joe on the shoulder. Joe looks up from kissing Kirsten. First Boisterous Boor holds up a handful of tickets, screaming and dancing with joy. Joe nods soberly. He has forgotten the race. He puts his arm around Kirsten and leads her through the crowd.

DISSOLVE TO:

55. EXT. ARNESEN NURSERY NIGHT

A big, old-fashioned house. Nearby there's a huge greenhouse. A night light is on in the greenhouse but the house is dark. A sign in front says "Arnesen Nursery - Landscaping."

Joe's convertible pulls into the driveway of the house and stops.

56. INT. CAR KIRSTEN AND JOE

They are dressed smartly, as for a special occasion. Kirsten tugs at her white gloves nervously. She and Joe look at each other as though uncertain of their next move. Kirsten is obviously very much in love. She twists around and into Joe's arms.

KIRSTEN:
Oh, darling....

They kiss. They get out of the car.

57. EXT. NURSERY NIGHT

Joe and Kirsten approach the house. They have the air of happy uncertain conspirators, intimately possessive of each other.

They run up the steps onto the front porch and RING the doorbell. After a moment a light goes on in the house.

KIRSTEN:
Do I look all right?

JOE:
Beautiful.

KIRSTEN:
And guilty?

The front porch light goes on and the door opens.

ELLIS ARNESEN is big, jut-boned, fifty. His white hair is tousled. He is tying his robe. He has the self-confidence of a man who knows his daily break is earned with an honest day's hard work.

ARNESEN:
Kirsty?

KIRSTEN:
Daddy, I brought somebody by to meet you. I know it's late and I'm sorry to wake you up, but it's just so important I couldn't wait.

Arnesen pushes the screen door open.

ARNESEN:
Come in.

Joe and Kirsten enter.

58. INT. FRONT HALL NIGHT

KIRSTEN:
Daddy, this is Joe Clay.

JOE:
Sorry to wake you up, Mr. Arnesen.

ARNESEN:
Hello.

They shake hands. Arnesen looks from one to the other with unhurried calculation and no change of expression. Kirsten and Joe are very uncomfortable.

ARNESEN:
Let's go sit in the kitchen, Kirsty.

He turns and walks down the hall. They follow him.

KIRSTEN:
(as they go)
The kitchen is daddy's favorite room.
(to Arnesen)
Daddy, I know this seems like a strange time to introduce people, but Joe and I -- well, I was anxious for him to meet you and -- we were out driving, and -- you know how I do things on the spur of the moment sometimes, so -- I hope you don't mind us waking you up, Daddy.

59. INT. KITCHEN

Arnesen turns on the light.

ARNESEN:
Have a seat, Joe.

JOE:
Thanks.

Joe and Kirsten sit.

ARNESEN:
How've you been Kirsty?

KIRSTEN:
(to Joe)
That's Daddy's way of letting me know I haven't called him this week.
(to Arnesen)
I've been very busy, Daddy, I --

(CONTINUED)

59 (Cont.)

Arnesen cuts her off with a nod and a glance meaning "You've been busy with him." He looks steadily at Joe for a few moments.

ARNESEN:
What kind of work you do, Joe?

JOE:
Public relations.

ARNESEN:
Public relations?

KIRSTEN:
You know, Daddy -- he -- it's kind of hard to explain, but --

She defers to Joe.

JOE:
Well, I suppose you'd say my job is to sort of help my client to -- create a public image. In other words, let's say my client -- "X" Corporation -- does something good, something of benefit to the public, or which could conceivably be conceived as being of benefit to the public. My job is to see that the public knows about it.

Kirsten nods approval and looks to Arnesen for comprehension. Arnesen nods, pondering this strange function.

ARNESEN:
And what if this "X" Corporation does a bad thing?

JOE:
(laughing uneasily, squirming, glancing at Kirsten)
Well, theoretically, they don't. I mean, theoretically part of my job is to help them think of ways to operate so that the public will -- you know -- approve.

Arnesen takes several beats to think this over. Then:

ARNESEN:
But if your "X" Corporation makes a mistake and the thing turns out bad?

JOE:
(nailed to the wall)
Well, then, I guess you'd say I -- try to make it look -- not quite so bad. I mean, there's more to it than that, but --

(CONTINUED)

59 (Cont.1)

KIRSTEN:
(overlapping)
It's terrifically complicated, Daddy.

ARNESEN:
I don't understand that kind of work.

He rises and crosses to the stove. Sets a coffeepot on the flame.

ARNESEN:
(to Joe)
You love my girl, Joe?

JOE:
Yes, sir. Very much.

ARNESEN:
Your Mama and Daddy live in San Francisco, Joe?

JOE:
No, sir, they --

KIRSTEN:
(jumping in)
His mother and father are in show business, Daddy. They have a wonderful act. I mean, I haven't seen it, but from what Joe tells me I'm sure it's -- they were on Ed Sullivan once, Daddy. You may have seen them.

ARNESEN:
This girl had a fine Mama, Joe. Her Mama taught her how to be good, come home early, not drink whisky.
(looking at Kirsten)
I know she remembers these things. These days girls think they got to live in town. But still she remembers these things.

JOE:
She's the finest girl I've ever met, Mr. Arnesen.

There is a deep silence. Arnesen shuffles back to the stove, pours himself a cup of coffee. Again the chilling CLATTER of the pot on the iron grill. Joe, watching Arnesen, comes to a difficult decision.

JOE:
Mr. Arnesen --

Kirsten grabs his arm and shakes her head fearfully, stopping him.

59 (Cont.2)
Arnesen crosses back over to the table, taking a sip of his black coffee.

KIRSTEN:
(suddenly rising)
Daddy, we've got to go. We've both got to work tomorrow.

ARNESEN:
Oh, sure.

JOE:
We hated to wake you up, Mr. Arnesen.

ARNESEN:
(setting his cup on the table)
I'm glad you came by, Kirsty.

Kirsten suddenly hugs her father.

KIRSTEN:
Daddy...
(then, stepping back)
I hope you like him, Daddy.

JOE:
(laughing)
Don't put him on the spot.

ARNESEN:
(still appraising Joe)
It takes time to find that out, Kirsty.

He offers his hand to Joe.

JOE:
(shaking hands)
Nice meeting you, Mr. Arnesen.

ARNESEN:
Same here, Joe.

KIRSTEN:
(indicating side door)
Maybe I could take Joe out this way, Daddy, and show him the greenhouse.

She opens the side door. Through the door we may see the greenhouse, with the dim nightlights.

ARNESEN:
I'll put on the big light.

(CONTINUED)

59 (Cont.3)
He throws a switch, the greenhouse lights up brightly. Joe crosses toward it.

JOE:
Wow! I didn't know there were so many flowers.

Kirsten wants to hug her father once more, but doesn't.

KIRSTEN:
Goodnight, Daddy.

ARNESEN:
(still reserved)
Goodnight, Kirsty.

JOE:
Goodnight, sir.

ARNESEN:
Goodnight, Joe.

He shuts the door.

60. EXT. GREENHOUSE NIGHT

Kirsten and Joe stand very close together, looking into the greenhouse.

JOE:
Oh brother, did I goof that one.

KIRSTEN:
He made me so nervous, I --

Joe hugs her, comforting her. She is trembling. Suddenly she is kissing him, clutching him desparately. The bright greenhouse lights go off. Kirsten and Joe break, turning toward the house.

61. P.O.V. SHOT ARNESEN IN DOORWAY

ARNESEN:
Maybe you want more privacy, huh, Kirsty?

62. SHOT KIRSTEN AND JOE

JOE:
(after a moment)
Mr. Arnesen, Kirsten and I were married about two hours ago.

63. SHOT ARNESEN

His expression doesn't change.

64. SHOT KIRSTEN

She waits breathlessly for his reaction.

65. SHOT ARNESEN

After a moment he steps back and closes the door.

66. SHOT KIRSTEN AND JOE

Kirsten takes a step toward the house, but stops herself.

KIRSTEN:
Daddy --

Suddenly she turns and runs toward the car. Joe follows her. She jumps in the car and SLAMS the door.

67. INT. CAR NIGHT

Joe joins her. Kirsten is white and shaken but she is not crying. Joe starts the car.

KIRSTEN:
(controlled)
You know what I'd like to do? I'd like to go some nice place and have a good stiff drink...

FADE OUT

FADE IN:

68. EXT. PACIFIC STREET MORNING

Joe, dressed in a suit, ready for work, well-groomed and full of bounce, walks rapidly through the street carrying a bag of groceries and a small package. He glances at his watch, and from time to time breaks into a trot.

69. CLOSE TRAVELING SHOT JOE

Joe is happy and apparently views this day as another opportunity to savor life. The street would be classified as a "good" street. Joe enters a rather "nice" apartment building.

70. INT. FOYER

Joe CLICKS across the marble floor and into the elevator.

CUT TO:

71. INT. HALL

Joe gets out of a self-service elevator, hurries down the hall and into an apartment.

72. INT. APARTMENT AS JOE ENTERS

It is a smart, comfortable, airy apartment.

73. SHOT PAN WITH JOE

He crosses through the apartment and into the nursery.

JOE:
(crossing)
Where's my gal? Where is she?

74. INT. NURSERY KIRSTEN

She is pinning a diaper on a baby.

JOE:
There she is!

He hands the bag of groceries to Kirsten. A loaf of bread and a carton of milk stick out of the top of the bag.

JOE:
I gotta get to the office.

KIRSTEN:
You saved me a trip.

JOE:
How's my gal this morning? I brought you some crazy lotion.

KIRSTEN:
Tell Daddy you're nice and dry -- temporarily.

JOE:
(shaking package in front of baby)
For the skin you love to bite. Right --

(CONTINUED)

74 (Cont.)

JOE: (Cont.)
(he bites the baby's stomach, making it gurgle with joy)
-- there! You are really something, you are.
(to Kirsten)
Ballefoy's putting on a bash tonight for some new people they got. Want to go?

KIRSTEN:
I wish I could, but I have to get up so early with her, and --

JOE:
(quickly)
I just thought you might want to get out. You've been stuck here for --

KIRSTEN:
Oh, I'd love to go, Joe, you know that, but --

JOE:
It doesn't matter. I've got to be there, though, so -- I'll be a little late.

KIRSTEN:
Call me?

JOE:
Okay.

He gives her a quick affectionate kiss and goes out.

DISSOLVE TO:

75. INT. PLUSH HOTEL SUITE NIGHT

The suite is festive. In the center is a small country orchestra featuring a buck-toothed GUITARIST, plus -- incredibly -- a roped-off area containing a real live cow with a big bow ribbon on one horn, and a live rooster on her back -- a la Musicians of Bremen.

A few couples are dancing energetically on the tiny dance floor. Several pretty "MILKMAIDS" are circulating among the guests serving drinks. The Milkmaid's costumes consist of low-cut blouses and perky aprons, revealing a startling area of net-covered flesh as they pass.

76. SHOT JOE AND BALLEFOY

Ballefoy is a decaying handsome man with the tread marks of incessant conviviality on his face.

BALLEFOY:
I see you got that gal from "Harper's Bazaar" to show up.

A pretty woman of thirty -- a mammery-dominant type who would be described by Ballefoy as a "Fun Kid" -- passes, dancing.

FUN KID:
Hi, Joe. Hi, Mr. Ballefoy.

Joe winks, Ballefoy nods -- they have more important business at the moment.

JOE:
I thought I'd try to get 'em to use Covington Farms as a background in a fashion spread -- you know, country living, like we talked about.

BALLEFOY:
Tell 'em we'll furnish anything they need, cooperate fully. Get in as solid as you can there, Joe.

JOE:
(shaking his head)
Believe me, if there's one mention of Covington Farms in the whole lay-out --

BALLEFOY:
It'll be an accident. I know. However --
(he has a secret to confide)
I may as well confess now -- I had an ulterior motive in making the suggestion.

Joe nods, cocking his head. This has happened before.

Ballefoy takes a drink off a tray offered by one of the Milkmaids, putting his empty in its place. It is a conditioned reflex which does not interrupt his train of thought.

BALLEFOY:
Frankly --

76 (Cont.)
But the rear view of the passing Milkmaid does interrupt his train of thought. He and Joe both watch her walk for a few moments.

BALLEFOY:
(turning back)
Where was I?

JOE:
Frankly.

BALLEFOY:
Oh, yes. Frankly -- you know how Mr. Covington loves personal publicity.

JOE:
(with quick exasperation)
Oh, no! Not again!

BALLEFOY:
You haven't heard the --

JOE:
Look -- there's one thing Covington has just got to face: a man is not automatically a public figure because he happens to build an empire out of chicken fat.

BALLEFOY:
Joe --

JOE:
I got 'im in "Poultry Annual" -- head shot and all. I got 'im in "Dairy Land News". <u>There</u> they <u>care</u>. I even finagled a feature story on 'im in "Western Feed and Grain". But "Harper's Bazaar"! Come <u>on</u>!

BALLEFOY:
You through? It's <u>Mrs</u>. Covington.

Incredulity from Joe. Ballefoy nods satanically.

JOE:
That old hay raker?

BALLEFOY:
Our leader is rich, Joe.

JOE:
And his wife is a rich hay raker.

(CONTINUED)

76 (Cont.1)

BALLEFOY:
She wants her home and her garden and her Picassos and her --

JOE:
Should I get her elected Best Dressed Cow while I'm at it?

BALLEFOY:
In full color.

He walks away. Joe's jaw pressue will either chip a tooth or loosen an inlay. He closes his eyes for several seconds as though fighting a blackout. Then he pulls out of it like a test pilot out of a dive. He drains his drink. He turns to the cow and pats it on the head.

JOE:
Delicious. Thanks a lot.

The Fun Kid nuzzles up to Joe.

FUN KID:
Joe, why aren't you dancing with me?

JOE:
Honey, I <u>am</u> dancing with you.

The music has a big corny beat. Joe grabs the Fun Kid with such vehemence he takes her breath away, shoving his glass at a Milkmaid in the same motion.

JOE:
Hit me again, doll.

He and the Fun Kid dance with abandon. Joe is going to have fun if it kills him.

DISSOLVE TO:

77. EXT. PACIFIC STREET LATE NIGHT

Joe gets out of a cab, hands the driver a bill with a grand gesture, and dances across the walk and into the building.

78. INT. FOYER OF BUILDING

Joe is dancing impromptu steps to impromptu music -- which he feels deeply.

He enters the self-service elevator.

79. INT. ELEVATOR

Joe punches the button for his floor after a series of self-confident encircling maneuvers with his right hand, while doing a buck and wing.

CUT TO:

80. INT. CLAY APARTMENT NIGHT

Kirsten alone holding baby, giving it her breast. She plants a slow kiss on the top of the baby's head.

KIRSTEN:
My goodness, mommy's little girl is hungry tonight.
(sings)
"Bye, O baby bunting,
Daddy's gone a-hunting
To get a little rabbit skin
To wrap his baby bunting in."

Joe enters.

JOE:
(singing too loud)
To wrap his baby bunting in!

Kirsten puts fingers to lips and quiets him.

KIRSTEN:
She's almost asleep.

Joe goes to the baby and kisses her roughly. She begins to stir and whimper.

KIRSTEN:
You'll wake her up.

JOE:
(too loud)
Well, what's she doing up this time of night anyhow?

KIRSTEN:
She was hungry.

She carries the baby into the next room.

JOE:
Well, she's got to find out sooner or later that some of Mommy's time belongs to Daddy! This is Daddy's time of night!

Kirsten comes out of the room buttoning the front of her dress. (CONTINUED)

80 (Cont.)

KIRSTEN:
Honey, please try to keep your voice down.

She kisses him.

JOE:
(keeping his voice down)
What is this, anyhow? Two O'clock in the morning, I been working since ten a.m., and I come home and get shushed.

KIRSTEN:
(close to him, teasing)
You've been working your elbow more than anything else, haven't you?

JOE:
(loud again, defensive)
I got to drink with these people! I told you that! That's part of my job!

KIRSTEN:
(gently)
I thought your job was to advise them and see that they have confidence in you.

JOE:
Ballefoy wants me to drink with 'im. What am I supposed to do?

KIRSTEN:
If he has confidence in you --

JOE:
(too loud)
Yes! He has confidence! He has confidence I'll do what I'm told, regardless. He has confidence that I, to keep my job, would ask the Mayor of San Francisco for a ticker tape parade for the Chicken Fat King!

There are several moments of painful silence. When Joe speaks again he has controlled himself and lowered his voice, and is making an effort to be calmly rational.

JOE:
Look, Honey -- when I come home after a couple of drinks and you're cold sober, and maybe a little tired, I know I seem loud and everything to you, and I guess I am, but you didn't used to think so.

(CONTINUED)

80 (Cont.1)

JOE: (Cont.)
And I feel your disapproval, I feel it. If you're going to sit up and wait for me, there's no law that says you can't have a couple of blasts while you're waiting, is there? I mean, so we can have some laughs when I get home. Huh? Is there?

KIRSTEN:
I'm not supposed to on account of my milk.

JOE:
(too loud)
Your milk! What is this bit anyhow? This is the twentieth century! They invented bottles! They got milk in cans as good as mother's milk! You'll ruin your shape! You act like for crying out loud you're the only woman who ever had a baby! I was dragged around by the scruff of the neck on midnight trains in zero weather and fed peanut butter and crackers when I was her age! Kids gotta learn to be people. Get some bottle and some formula for her. I want to have a ball! You and me!

KIRSTEN:
(re baby)
Honey, please --

JOE:
Don't shush me! If I'm too loud for her, shut the door!

KIRSTEN:
It makes it too hot in there.

JOE:
What does a kid that age care about five degrees of temperature?

He slams the door to the baby's room. The baby begins to cry. Kirsten crosses quickly into the bedroom to quiet her.

81. SHOT STAY WITH JOE

He crosses into kitchen.

82. INT. KITCHEN JOE

He pours himself a drink, takes a big gulp of it. He glances in toward the baby's room shaking his head as an agonizing awareness of his actions settle on him. The pain of the

(CONTINUED)

82 (Cont.)
awareness is almost unbearable to him. Kirsten returns slowly into the kitchen and stands apart from him. She is embarrassed for them both.

JOE:
How could I do that -- to a helpless little kid like that? What's the matter with me?

KIRSTEN:
Honey --

Joe rises quickly, violently, from the chair and crosses away from her out of the kitchen.

83. SHOT STAY WITH JOE

He crosses through the apartment to the baby's nursery. Kirsten has closed the nursery door. Joe opens it and enters.

84. INT. NURSERY

Joe stands over the baby's crib, crying softly, afraid to touch her or make a sound. After a few moments he withdraws, carefully propping the door open.

85. SHOT STAY WITH JOE

He stops outside the door, wiping his eyes, blowing his nose, squaring his shoulders. Then he crosses to the kitchen.

86. INT. KITCHEN

Kirsten watches helplessly as Joe enters. He manages a half-smile.

JOE:
You're right, it <u>is</u> kind of stuffy in there with the door shut. I --

The sheer agony within him overcomes him. He drops into a chair, wiping his eyes, fighting back tears. He takes a big gulp of his drink and sits staring down into his glass.

87. SHOT KIRSTEN

She gets a glass from the cabinet and makes a drink, a plain Scotch and soda like Joe's.

88. SHOT JOE

Joe fights to right himself emotionally. He reaches for a book on the table and examines it. Then, with incongruous lightness:

JOE:
"PO-RA" huh? You'll get there yet.

89. TWO SHOT KIRSTEN AND JOE

Kirsten turns to him, a crooked smile on her face. She lifts the drink in a toast.

KIRSTEN:
Til samen e himlin.

JOE:
Honey, if you're not supposed to --

She pantomimes "watch me", a gamine magician about to perform a marvel. She lifts her glass and drinks her drink, all of it.

DISSOLVE TO:

90. EXT. MAIDEN LANE DAY

We are looking at the exterior of Joe's favorite bar. Joe comes out, adjusting his overcoat, and walks down the street.

91. CLOSE TRAVELING SHOT - JOE

Something in a shop window catches his eye. The window is full of toys. Joe enters the shop.

92. INT. SHOP JOE AND SALESWOMAN

JOE:
How old does a kid have to be, for one of those electric cars?

SALESWOMAN:
How old is your child?

JOE:
She's almost one. But she's pretty precocious.

The saleswoman smiles tolerantly.

DISSOLVE TO:

93. EXT. STREET DAY

Joe emerges from the shop with a package under his arm. The way it is wrapped we can see it is a stuffed four-legged animal.

DISSOLVE TO:

94. INT. JOE'S OUTER OFFICE MORNING

Joe's secretary, NEL, is typing. Radford Leland walks into the shot.

LELAND:
Has he called in yet?

NEL:
No, sir.

LELAND:
Have you tried him at home?

NEL:
He doesn't like me to call him at home.

(CONTINUED)

94 (Cont.)
Leland makes a face meaning "Really?" and disappears into his office. Nel's phone rings.

NEL:
(into phone)
Mr. Clay's office . . . No, I'm sorry, he isn't . . . Yes, I know it's important. I'll give him the message as soon as -- ... Well, I'm sure he'll be here any minute ... Yes, I will.

Hangs up. Makes notation, starts typing. Joe enters. He obviously has a hangover, needs a shave, and hasn't spent much time or care dressing himself this morning.

NEL:
Oh -- Mr. Clay --

But Joe breezes right past her desk into his own office.

JOE:
(passing)
Coffee, Nel. Coffee.

We go with Joe into his office. He sits at his desk, opens drawer, gets pills, gulps a couple. Nel enters.

NEL:
Sir, Mr. Ballefoy says please call --

JOE:
Coffee coffee coffee.

NEL:
It's beating. I just wanted to be sure about the Ballefoy thing. He said --

JOE:
Okayokayokayokay. You told me. You did your duty. Just get the coffee.

NEL:
It isn't hot.

JOE:
Did I say hot coffee? I said coffee. Just bring it.

Nel goes out, passing Leland in door.

(CONTINUED)

94 (Cont. 1)

LELAND:
Got a sec, Joe?

JOE:
(motioning him in)
For you, all day, Rad. Man what a head! It was Debbie's first birthday last night, so Kirs and I celebrated.

LELAND:
Really hung one on, eh?

JOE:
With a capital hung.

LELAND:
If you'd rather not talk just now --

JOE:
Oh, nononono. Business as usual. How about some coffee?

LELAND:
No, thanks.

Joe pulls an electric razor out of his desk, plugs it in, prepares to shave.

JOE:
What's on your mind?

LELAND:
I'd like to chat with you about the Covington Farms account.

JOE:
Shoot.

LELAND:
Well, it's a long story, Joe. But the point is, I think it would be best if we took you off the account.

JOE:
But Ballefoy and I get along!

LELAND:
Well, the truth is, they're letting Ballefoy out. Frankly -- for drinking too much. And the new man --

JOE:
I could adjust to a new man.

(CONTINUED)

94 (Cont. 2)
Nel enters, places coffee on desk, leaves quickly.

LELAND:
Well, actually, Joe, we sort of had other plans for you anyhow. We've been talking of putting you on the Campbell-Cherokee Tool account. I'm sure you'll --

JOE:
Campbell-Cherokee! I'll be in Houston half the time!

LELAND:
Houston's a refreshing town.

JOE:
I got a wife and a kid!

LELAND:
Well, Joe, we feel --

JOE:
This is a demotion, isn't it?

LELAND:
I wouldn't call it that.

JOE:
Why wouldn't you? Smaller, less sensitive account, a million miles from home. What would you call it, Rad?

LELAND:
Well, I ...

JOE:
Never mind. I think I understand.

LELAND:
I hope you do, Joe.

Exits. Joe crosses to window, looks out, lights cigarette. His hands shake. He crosses to door, locks it, goes to desk, gets bottle, takes huge slug as we:

DISSOLVE TO:

95. INT. CLAY APARTMENT LATE NIGHT

Joe is seated on the sofa. Kirsten is on the floor across the coffee table from him. Air of desolation. Joe is

(CONTINUED)

95 (Cont.)
quite drunk and despondent. Kirsten is having a drink with him but shows no sign of having been affected by it. She is tenderly solicitous toward him.

KIRSTEN:
Honey, please don't feel bad. I wouldn't be surprised if Rad Leland wanted you out of town for fear you'd get his job.

JOE:
It wasn't his decision, but --

KIRSTEN:
Somebody made the decision. There's politics down there, Honey.

Joe picks up the bottle and sees there is only a small amount in the bottom of it.

JOE:
(offering)
Wanta finish this. I'll get some more.

KIRSTEN:
(shrugging)
Why not?

She pours the rest of the whisky into her glass and sets the empty bottle aside as Joe gets up unsteadily and crosses to the cabinet.

JOE:
(crossing)
I try to be honest with myself. I ask myself: Is it my fault?

KIRSTEN:
(definitely)
You know it's not.

She pours some soda into her drink.

JOE:
(at cabinet)
There's only two bottles in here. I thought I had three.

FEATURE Kirsten. She stirs her drink.

JOE:
That's funny.

(CONTINUED)

95 (Cont. 1)
He crosses back to her, opening the bottle.

JOE:
I even asked myself this question:
Am I drinking too much?

KIRSTEN:
You do your job.

JOE:
Sure, I have a belt now and then.
Who doesn't?

KIRSTEN:
The main point is, Honey -- you do
your job.

JOE:
I do. I know I do.

He has the bottle open and is about to pour some more whisky into his glass. A thought stops him, and he looks back at the cabinet, puzzled.

JOE:
I woulda' sworn I had three bottles
in there.

KIRSTEN:
You do your job fine, Honey.

JOE:
I do. I know I do.

KIRSTEN:
Honey, remember not everybody's honest.
Things are going on down there.

JOE:
(angrily)
Those bums!

DISSOLVE TO:

96. EXT. OIL DERRICK DAY

Landry, an enormous bulky man, is talking to Joe in the shadow of the derrick as several helmeted and gloved workmen struggle with the heavy rig. There is a small insulated icebox on the platform beside them. As Landry speaks he rummages in the box and comes up with a couple of dripping cans of beer, which he opens.

LANDRY:
Yeah, Joe, some of these old boys
been buying drillin' tools from us

(CONTINUED)

96 (Cont.)

LANDRY: (Cont.)
since we were a little old machine shop down on Chocolate Bayou.

A tall man approaches.

LANDRY:
Oh, Charlie, shake hands with Joe Clay. He's our new PR man from D.D.J.&A. Charlie Dean.

DEAN:
(a real Texan)
Good to see you, Joe.

They shake hands.

JOE:
Pleasure.

LANDRY:
(handing beer to Joe)
Charlie's one of our vice-presidents.

JOE:
(to Charlie)
I'm looking forward to working with you.

DEAN:
Say, Joe, I'm having a little barbecue out at my place Sunday. Why don't you come on out?

LANDRY:
I guarantee you'll get all the barbecue you can eat.

DEAN:
And all the bourbon you can drink.

DISSOLVE TO:

97. EXT. PACIFIC STREET DAY

Kirsten and Debbie. Debbie is now two years old and walks beside her mother, clutching at her slacks. Kirsten carries a bag of groceries. She is smoking a cigarette. There is a subtle but perceptible change in her appearance -- a slight diminution in the crisp clean look we have associated with her. A chubby NEW MOTHER is standing at the entrance of Kirsten's building, jiggling a chrome and leather baby carriage which she has carefully pointed at the sun.

(CONTINUED)

97 (Cont.)

NEW MOTHER:
Hi, Debbie. Want to see the baby?

She lifts Debbie up and lets her look into the carriage.

NEW MOTHER:
See the baby? See the baby?
(to Kirsten)
Heard from Joe?

She puts Debbie down.

KIRSTEN:
Oh, he's got to stay down there another week.

She puts her bag of groceries down and gets a cigarette from her shirt pocket, lights it from the one she has been smoking, and flips the short butt into the street. She seems a little shaky.

NEW MOTHER:
Another week!

KIRSTEN:
I'm getting used to it. They're doing some kind of a local thing, something about breaking ground for a new plant, and he has to be there, so you resign yourself to these things.
(leaning over carriage)
How's she doing?

NEW MOTHER:
Eating like a pig.

KIRSTEN:
Don't they all? And then when they get to be Debbie's age they eat like sparrows.

Debbie thrusts a bottle of whisky up between them.

DEBBIE:
Baby? Baby?

KIRSTEN:
(grabbing the bottle, embarrassed)
No, Miss Busyfingers, the baby has her own bottle.
(to New Mother)
I should have known better than to set these groceries down ...

DISSOLVE TO:

98. INT. CLAY APARTMENT EVENING

Kirsten is seated in front of the TV set, watching a variety program. She sips a drink and giggles tipsily. She lights a cigarette, having some difficulty guiding the flame of the lighter to the tip of it.

She takes another drink, turns the glass upside down, and says to the man on the TV screen:

KIRSTEN:
All gone.

She puts her cigarette in an ash tray, gets up and crosses, staggering slightly to the bar where she sloshes some more whiskey into her glass. She starts to return to her seat but has another thought and returns to the bar to pick up the bottle. She cradles the bottle affectionately and crosses back to the TV set. But this time she sits in a different chair. She lights another cigarette, oblivious to the one already burning a few feet away. She begins to laugh immediately at whatever is happening on the TV screen. She tries to put her drink and her cigarette to her lips at the same time, causing a short traffic jam which the drink wins. The phone rings. Kirsten gets up, carrying drink and cigarette, and crosses to phone. She weighs briefly which to put down, the cigarette or the drink, so she can pick up the phone, decides the cigarette is more expendable, puts it in an ash tray, picks up phone.

KIRSTEN:
Hello...Daddy? ... Oh, just having a drink. Why?
(giggles)
Well, <u>maybe</u> two... Huh?
(sound of baby crying)
Huh? Wait, Daddy, Debbie's crying...

She puts the phone down and crosses to the baby's room sipping her drink.

99. INT. BABY'S ROOM

KIRSTEN:
Is the noise too noisy? That's people coming home from work. Here. I'll shut the window. Now.
(shuts window)
Now, you go to sleep, now, you little snugglebug.

She crosses back to main room.

100. INT. LIVING ROOM

as Kirsten enters, sipping drink, forgetting phone off hook and two lighted cigarettes in two ash trays.

KIRSTEN:
(fanning brow)
Oooooooooo! Hothothothot.

She puts drink on table, pulls dress off over her head, wads it up, throws it aside with pleased freedom. Dressed only in slip, she stretches. She takes a long drink, watching TV. She lights another cigarette. A rock and roll singer on the TV screen begins to shout a song with a big beat. Kirsten begins to dance sexily around the room. The music is quite loud. As she dances past the baby's room she becomes aware of the baby crying again. She shuts the door to the baby's room. She continues dancing, gyrating, sipping her drink, smoking, almost losing her balance from time to time.

CUT TO:

101. CLOSEUP - PHONE OFF HOOK

CUT TO:

102. CLOSEUP - ARNESEN ON PHONE

ARNESEN:
Kirsty? Kirsty?

We can hear the rock and roll beat from Kirsten's loud TV set.

ARNESEN:
Kirsty?

He hangs up the phone in disgust. He ponders a moment, then makes a decision, crosses to his hat, claps it on his head. He is heading for the door as we:

CUT TO:

103. KIRSTEN

She is suddenly exhausted. She crosses to the sofa and flops on it like a dead body. PAN to three cigarettes burning in three ash trays, phone still off hook.

DISSOLVE TO:

104. EXT. STREET NIGHT

Smoke is pouring from the windows of the Clay apartment.

(CONTINUED)

104 (Cont.)

SOUND of fire engines approaching. Crowd gathering by front door. Kirsten emerges, still in her slip, befuddled, bedraggled, coughing, crying, staggering, supported by policeman. A second policeman carries Debbie.

DISSOLVE TO:

105. INT. PHONE BOOTH NIGHT

Joe is on the phone.

JOE:
(drunk and distraught)
Are they all right Pop? You sure? Well, Pop, I knew she was having a couple now and then, but nothing like this... Yeah ... Okay, Pop... Take good care of 'em Pop, tell 'em I'll get there quick as I can...

He hangs up, rises unsteadily, and leaves the phone booth. Now we see that he is in the lounge of a private club, and that Charlie Dean is waiting for him at his table. The call has had a sobering influence on Joe, giving him direction and purpose.

JOE:
I gotta go home on the eleven thirty plane. My wife got drunk and set the apartment on fire. I don't know how, but she did. She lights about ten cigarettes, you know? And she leaves 'em around in ash trays and forgets 'em. They got everybody out of there, thank God for that, nobody hurt, but --
(he sighs heavily and takes a drink)
You know something, Charlie? I hate to say this about my own wife, I mean this is a terrible thing to say, a man shouldn't say this about his own wife, but, I mean, I hate to say it, because I love her, you know? I mean, I don't fool around or anything like that, you know that. I really love her. I mean she's the greatest little gal I ever -- you know -- met. But, facts are facts, Charlie. Evidence is evidence. And I would say that, being honest about it, as of this moment -- I mean I know this won't get any farther than this table, otherwise I'd never say it, but, being honest about it, as of this moment, I

(CONTINUED)

105(Cont.)

JOE: (cont)
believe my wife -- Hey, waiter, hit me again -- I believe my wife is an alcoholic.

DISSOLVE TO:

106. EXT. PACIFIC STREET DAY

Joe and Kirsten's burned furniture is on the sidewalk. Some of it is being loaded into a van. Joe apparently has just arrived.

KIRSTEN:
(plucking at the sofa)
Couldn't this be rebuilt?

JOE:
The frame is burned all the way through.

KIRSTEN:
(suddenly defiant)
Well, if you didn't spend most of your time in Houston, it wouldn't have happened!

JOE:
(quietly)
Don't worry. I won't be going to Houston any more. They fired me.

Kirsten is staring at him trying to assimilate this information as:

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

107. EXT. VERY CLOSE SHOT - DAY

a man's legs. All we can see are the baggy knees of an unpressed suit. PAN DOWN to shoes, slightly run over, not quite polished. PAN UP past the baggy knees, past the not-quite-fresh shirt to Joe's face, showing discouragement and fatigue. He needs a haircut. PULL BACK. Joe is on a busy corner waiting for the light to change. It changes and he crosses the street, carrying his attache case like a tired man. He finds himself in front of his favorite bar, where we first met him. He starts to go in, he wants to go in, but he fights himself. We see Joe's reflection in the window of the bar -- the silhouette of a beaten man. Clenching his jaw, he walks away, fast and purposefully.

DISSOLVE TO:

108. INT. BUILDING

A dark hallway, walls and floor saturated with a century of dirt, giving off a dank odor so thick it is almost visible. Joe enters from outside. He is still tight-jawed and dressed as in the previous scene. He runs up the stairs, taking them two at a time. He arrives at the first landing and goes into an apartment.

109. INT. COLD WATER FLAT

The flat has a bare tenement appearance. The kitchen is a small sink and a stove in a corner of the room. On the other side of the room is a sway-backed bed. Two rickety chairs and one overstuffed armchair. Shades, but no curtains, on the windows. Along one wall, oddly out of place in the bare room, stands a large crude bookcase containing Kirsten's "World Library of Great Literature".

Kirsten is seated at the table drinking beer from a can. She is not drunk but she is in a state of euphoria. Kirsten is still beautiful, but her quality now is fragile and sad like a shattering pink rose. Debbie, now a pretty eight-year-old, is lying on the floor reading a book.

JOE:
Debbie, you run out and play awhile. I want to talk to your mother.

DEBBIE:
(alarmed)
All right, Daddy.

She goes out.

KIRSTEN:
What's the matter, Honey?

JOE:
Honey, listen, we got to talk about something, something serious.

KIRSTEN:
Have a beer, Honey.

She starts to take a drink. He impulsively slams the can out of her hand. It clatters around the room.

JOE:
I'm sorry.

KIRSTEN:
You drunk?

(CONTINUED)

109 (Cont.)

JOE:
I haven't had a drop.

KIRSTEN:
What's the matter with you?

JOE:
I had a revelation today. I walked by the Union Square bar, I started to go in, I saw myself -- my reflection -- in the window. I thought, I wonder who that bum is. Then I saw it was me. I'm a bum. Look at me. I'm a bum. Look at me. Look at you. You're a bum.
(he hauls her violently to a mirror)
Look at us! We're a couple of bums!

KIRSTEN:
(pulling away, petulantly)
You're hurting my arm.

JOE:
Honey, listen, you got to listen to me. I had a revelation. All of a sudden I saw the whole thing. You know why I've been fired from five jobs in six years? No! Not politics, like we always say, not office politics, jealousy, all that stuff! Booze! It's booze!

KIRSTEN:
A couple of drinks never --

JOE:
We have <u>more</u> than a couple! <u>We get drunk</u>! We <u>stay</u> drunk most of the time! Look at this dump we live in, the clothes we wear, the way we send our little girl off to school lookin' like she -- I'm a drunk and I don't do my job. Yes! That's it! I'm a drunk and I don't do my job, and that's why I get fired all the time. That's why I can't get a job right now! We should've taken a look at ourselves a long time ago. We let ourselves turn into a couple of bums.

He is almost crying. She is stunned. She has never seen him quite like this. She wants very much to please him, to make him feel better.

(CONTINUED)

109(Cont.1)

KIRSTEN:
Honey, I love you.

JOE:
Oh, I love you, too, Honey. I didn't mean I didn't. But we got to face this. I really had this revelation.

KIRSTEN:
(after a moment)
All right then, we won't drink so much.

JOE:
(eager, full of light)
Look, I got a plan. Honey, we got to make this work. We'll get sober. We'll stay sober. We won't take a drink. Nothing. We'll get some new clothes. We'll go to your dad -- I thought this all out on the way home. We'll show your dad we mean business. And he'll lend us some dough to get on our feet. And I'll go to some of the old places, and they'll see I'm sober. and they'll take me back. Honey, are you with me? We got to do this. If we don't do it now it's going to be too late. We got to make it work. Are you with me?

KIRSTEN:
I'm always with you, Honey.

JOE:
We got to do this. We got to make this work.

DISSOLVE TO:

110. EXT. - CAROUSEL GOLDEN GATE PARK DAY

Debbie and Kirsten are riding horses side by side, having a happy time together. Kirsten looks much better than when we last saw her, more like the Kirsten of old.

111. EXT. PARK - MED. SHOT - JOE DAY

He approaches the carousel. He is bouyant, barbered, and dressed in a new suit.

112. EXT. - THE CAROUSEL

Joe jumps on the carousel near Debbie and Kirsten, startling them.

(CONTINUED)

112 (Cont.)

JOE:
(a highwayman)
Hand over the gold.

DEBBIE:
Hi, Dad.

KIRSTEN:
You hungry?

JOE:
Starved.

DEBBIE:
Do I have to get off now?

JOE:
(handing her some money)
Go ahead, ride a few miles.

DEBBIE:
Don't eat without me, though.

KIRSTEN:
(dismounting)
We'll call you.

JOE:
And buy yourself a soda to have with your lunch.

DEBBIE:
Oh, thanks.
(then, soberly:)
What are you going to drink?

KIRSTEN:
I brought Dad and me a thermos of coffee.

Kirsten and Joe jump off the carousel.

DEBBIE:
(riding away)
Bye.

113. TRAVELING SHOT - JOE AND KIRSTEN

They walk toward a nearby grassy slope.

KIRSTEN:
Any luck?

113(Cont.)

JOE:
Well, I eliminated a lot of negatives.

She nods. They walk along in silence for a few moments. They are approaching a picnic basket and a blanket spread on the slope.

JOE:
(finally)
They -- all have the same idea. They're scared to take another chance.

KIRSTEN:
Well, the joke's going to be on them, and they're going to be sorry they didn't get you, because you really <u>are</u> on the wagon.

JOE:
Today -- just barely hanging on to the tail-gate -- by my teeth.

They arrive at the blanket. Joe removes his shoes and socks and falls backwards on the blanket wiggling his toes and groaning with gratification.

Kristen looks down at him, love shining in her face.

KIRSTEN:
But you're still on. You're not like me, thank God.

JOE:
So you fell off. You got back on, didn't you?

KIRSTEN:
And fell off again.

JOE:
And got on again.

Kirsten drops down beside him and kisses him.

KIRSTEN:
Oh, I love you, love you, love you.

For a few moments they are lovers, their faces very close, their lips skipping softly from place to place.

Kirsten pulls back for a quick intake of breath and a little laugh.

Joe sits up suddenly, determinedly full of plans.

JOE:
You know what I'm doing this afternoon? I'm going to start walking and I'm going to keep walking, and I'm not going to stop walking, till I've got me a job.

DISSOLVE TO:

114. INT. COLD WATER FLAT DAY

Kirsten is ironing a dress for Debbie. A broken cardboard suitcase is open on a chair beside her. Debbie is arranging things in the suitcase. Arnesen is walking impatiently about the room, scanning it as though he wishes he could search it. Kirsten finishes ironing dress, starts folding it.

ARNESEN:
We'll go pretty soon now, huh?

KIRSTEN:
I was hoping you'd wait for Joe. I know he'll want to tell Debbie goodbye. He'll be here any minute.

ARNESEN:
You sure?

The question is deliberately significant and causes Kirsten and Debbie to glance at each other.

KIRSTEN:
He had some business to take care of. He'll be here any minute.
(to Debbie)
Mommy and Daddy are going to miss you.

DEBBIE:
I'm going to miss you, too.

KIRSTEN:
But it's only for a couple of days. And you'll have a wonderful time at Granddaddy's. He'll have a thousand flowers blooming.

ARNESEN:
(cutting in impatiently)
Is it noon yet?
(Kirsten glances at her bare wrist, then covers it guiltily)
You lost your watch?

KIRSTEN:
It stopped. It's at the jeweler. I forgot.

ARNESEN:
Joe doing pretty good now?

KIRSTEN:
Very good. It takes time.

ARNESEN:
Oh, sure. Everything takes time.

(CONTINUED)

114 (Cont.)

As he talks he moves the cushion of the big chair and runs his hand in behind it, searching. Kirsten notes the action.

ARNESEN:
Both of you doing good?

KIRSTEN:
I told you we are, Daddy. And Debbie knows Mommy and Daddy are going to be good from now on, don't you, darling?

ARNESEN:
(closing suitcase)
Good. Well, I got plenty work to do, Kirsty.

KIRSTEN:
I wish you'd wait for Joe.

ARNESEN:
Maybe we better go.

DEBBIE:
Couldn't you and Daddy come out just for tonight?

KIRSTEN:
Daddy's too busy, darling.
(to Arnesen)
Johnny Friedkin's coming by this afternoon. He's a very well-known publicity man. He's coming by to see Joe about merging with 'im.

ARNESEN:
I thought Joe had an office.

KIRSTEN:
Oh -- well, no -- for the time being -- to conserve funds -- he's working from the apartment.

ARNESEN:
Mmmm.
(to Debbie)
This pretty girl ready to go?

Joe enters. He is sober.

JOE:
Hello, Pop. Well, you weren't going to leave without telling me goodbye, were you?
(kisses Debbie)
You have a ball now, you hear? And don't let Granddaddy put you to work.
(he blows his breath in Arnesen's face)
Not even peppermint. Disappointed?

(CONTINUED)

114 (Cont.1)

ARNESEN:
No.

JOE:
Surprised?

ARNESEN:
Yes.

JOE:
(to Kirsten, laughing)
Well, I asked for it!

ARNESEN:
(to Debbie)
Let's go, huh?

DEBBIE:
Bye, Mommy and Daddy.

KIRSTEN:
Bye, darling.

DEBBIE:
Are you all right?

KIRSTEN:
Darling, Daddy and Mommy are fine.

ARNESEN:
I'll bring her Sunday night.

DEBBIE:
Bye.

They go.

KIRSTEN:
(as soon as the door shuts)
Did you get it?

JOE:
Honey, our credit's shot.

KIRSTEN:
We should have asked Dad for ten.

JOE:
And let him know the five hundred dollars is gone?

KIRSTEN:
All right. You invited Johnny Friedkin for lunch. You figure out what to feed him.

JOE:
Isn't there anything?

(CONTINUED)

114 (Cont.2)

KIRSTEN:
A jar of pickles.

JOE:
No bread?

KIRSTEN:
A couple of heels.

JOE:
All right, we'll be honest with 'im. That's all we can do. We're broke. Period. Johnny knows the score. He knows we're like starting over from scratch. We're sober. That's what counts with him ....I'm shaking like a leaf.

KIRSTEN:
Me, too.

JOE:
If he sees us like this he'll swear we've been drunk for a week.

KIRSTEN:
Maybe some coffee? There's some instant.

JOE:
Coffee's no help. Your pop made me nervous, that's all. Why did he have to act like that? Look at me shake.

KIRSTEN:
He lent us five hundred dollars. I guess he's worried about his investment.

JOE:
(bursting out)
He'll get his money!
(he lights a cigarette. He can hardly hold the match)
See what I mean? Something always has to go wrong. I was calm. This is a big deal but I was calm. Then your old man puts the bee on me, louses up my nerves.

KIRSTEN:
Let's try some coffee...

JOE:
Coffee! Coffee makes me worse! You know that! Listen, honey, this deal is too big to goof. This is our chance to get going again. We can't let Johnny see us like this. He'll think -- No telling what he'll think. Listen, honey -- I need a drink.

(CONTINUED)

114 (Cont.3)

KIRSTEN:
Joe --

JOE:
I need it!

KIRSTEN:
Listen --

JOE:
You need one as bad as I do! Look at you!

KIRSTEN:
I know --

JOE:
Just one, for crying out loud! To steady us down. I mean, this is a big deal.

KIRSTEN:
He'll smell it.

JOE:
We'll chew something!

She hesitates, then crosses to bookcase.

KIRSTEN:
One apiece is about all there is... JA-LA.

She reaches behind a book, pulls out a flat half pint.

JOE:
There was more than that!

KIRSTEN:
Well, I haven't touched it!

JOE:
What happened to it, then?

KIRSTEN:
How would I know?

JOE:
Never mind. Here.

He takes bottle, uncaps it, hands it to her. She drinks, looks at level in bottle, takes another sip, hands it to him. He gulps the rest, drops the bottle into garbage bag. He is very tense.

(CONTINUED)

114 (Cont. 4)

JOE:
(finally)
That's no whiskey, for crying out loud! I need a belt!

KIRSTEN:
Honey, I don't know what I can do --

JOE:
Well, do something! Johnny Friedkin's on his way over here! Can I see him like this? Can I? I'm asking you! Look at me!

KIRSTEN:
Honey, listen, wait, just sit down, wait a minute. I have an idea.

She crosses quickly to door, out into hall. We go with her as she rings bell of apartment across the hall.

Joe appears at open door.

JOE:
She wouldn't have any. She doesn't even drink.

Kirsten motions him away. He disappears into apartment.

MRS. NOLAN, a blowsy, elderly woman, answers door.

KIRSTEN:
Mrs. Nolan, how are you? I was just wondering -- I hate to bother you, right at lunch time, but I was about to bake a cake and I discovered I didn't have any -- any vanilla extract. Not a drop. Isn't that silly? Would you mind? I mean, I --

The old woman stares at her a moment, then grunts and disappears. Kirsten fishes a crumpled butt out of a pocket of her dress, straightens it, pinches off the end, lights it shakily. In the b.g. in the Clay apartment we may see Joe watching Kirsten. She nods reassuringly. Mrs. Nolan returns, hands bottle to Kirsten.

KIRSTEN:
Oh, thanks so much. I'll pay it back.

(CONTINUED)

114 (Cont.5)
Mrs. Nolan nods, shuts door.

Kirsten goes into her own apartment, shuts door, hands bottle to Joe.

JOE:
Vanilla extract.

KIRSTEN:
Thirty-five percent alcohol.
(Joe opens bottle, offers it)
You need it worse than I do.
(Joe drinks)
How is it?

JOE:
Not bad.
(drinks again)

KIRSTEN:
Could I -- ?

He gives her bottle. She drinks.

KIRSTEN:
Too sweet. It'll make me sick.

JOE:
Shall I kill it?

She hesitates, reluctant to let it go.

KIRSTEN:
Well -- maybe it won't ....

She drinks again, hands bottle to Joe. He finishes it, drops it in garbage bag.

JOE:
You ought not to have to drink this kind of junk!
(he strides around room, very tense. Then:
Listen, honey -- Johnny likes a little drink now and then. He understands the score.
(crosses to bookcase, feels behind books)
Didn't we have some sloe gin back here?

(CONTINUED)

114 (Cont.6)

KIRSTEN:
That's gone a long time --

But something has possessed Joe. His hand wanders over the books.

JOE:
Mrs. Nolan would like to have these.

KIRSTEN:
No.

JOE:
For her nephew. We could stock in some groceries.

KIRSTEN:
I'm not going to sell my books.

JOE:
We could give Johnny Friedkin a nice lunch. Honey, that's important.

KIRSTEN:
(after a moment)
All right.

115. INT. HALL DAY

Kirsten crosses back to Mrs. Nolan's door and rings bell. Mrs. Nolan answers.

KIRSTEN:
Mrs. Nolan, I hate to bother you again, but -- when we moved in you mentioned my books, how nice they are, and now that my husband and I are thinking of getting a set of encyclopedias for our little girl we'll need that space. So we were wondering if you'd be interested in having them.

MRS. NOLAN:
(sniffing)
That's vanilla.

KIRSTEN:
I dropped the bottle and broke it.

(CONTINUED)

115 (Cont.)

MRS. NOLAN:
(sniffing)
You drink it?

KIRSTEN:
Drink it? Drink what? What are you talking about? Why would I -- ?

MRS. NOLAN:
(sniffing, nodding)
You drank it.

KIRSTEN:
Mrs. Nolan, I didn't come here to be accused. I came -- I came as a neighbor to see if you'd be -- if you'd be interested -- in my books.

Mrs. Nolan pushes past Kirsten and goes into the Clay apartment.

116. INT. CLAY APARTMENT DAY

Mrs. Nolan looks at the books, picks one up, examines it.

MRS. NOLAN:
My nephew's very quick in school.

KIRSTEN:
Oh, these would be swell for him. I've taken good care of them. They cost over two hundred dollars, new.

MRS. NOLAN:
Ten dollars.

JOE:
Ten! Ten! For these? Twelve!

Mrs. Nolan shrugs and starts to leave.

MRS. NOLAN:
Ten.

KIRSTEN:
(after a moment, with effort)
Mrs. Nolan -- if I let you have my books for ten dollars, would you grant me one favor? You see -- I've been reading them in alphabetical order -- it was sort of something I set out to do, and -- well, I haven't been able -- haven't had time --

(CONTINUED)

116 (Cont.)

KIRSTEN: (Cont.)
to do much reading lately so -- I haven't quite finished. It's only WO-XY ("wocksee") to YA-ZU ("yazoo"), the last two volumes, that's all -- so if I could just keep them a little while, just --

MRS. NOLAN:
My nephew lives in Oakland. I couldn't split up the set.

KIRSTEN:
(barely audible)
I understand.

MRS. NOLAN:
(going)
I'll tell 'im to pick 'em up.

KIRSTEN:
Mrs. Nolan -- could we have the money now?

Mrs. Nolan looks from Kirsten to Joe. She pulls a bill out of her garter, thrusts it at Kirsten and goes.

KIRSTEN:
Oh, thank you. I'm sure your nephew will get as much pleasure as --

The slam of the door stops her. She is trembling, about to cry. Joe takes the money from her, looks at it, goes to phone, dials.

JOE:
Vito? ... Joe Clay, Vito. Listen, you still got that special of that whatsisname rye? Yeah -- Whittaker's...two ninety-eight? Bring me up three of those right away, will you, Vito?
(exploding)
You damn right I got the cash!
(slams the receiver down)
That crumb Vito! Do I have the cash, he says!

Kirsten begins to cry softly.

Sound: Knock on door.

They look at each other in terror. Kirsten begins to wipe her face with her skirt.

JOE:
(hissing low)
Don't answer!

(CONTINUED)

116 (Cont.1)

KIRSTEN:
(low)
But --

JOE:
I said don't!

SOUND: Knock.

VOICE:
Joe?

KIRSTEN:
It's Johnny Friedkin.

JOE:
I can't see 'im now. Not like this. I'm just not in shape, honey. This is too big a deal to blow it. We're just not in shape right now. We got to take awhile to get in shape.

Sound: Knock.

VOICE:
Joe? It's Johnny. I've got Gabe with me.

Kirsten and Joe cower silently.

VOICE:
(conversationally)
I guess they're out. He must've forgot.

Sound: Footsteps retreating, outside door shutting.

Kirsten begins to sob. Joe comforts her with odd inadequate tenderness.

JOE:
Honey -- honey -- honey -- Vito's coming, honey. Honey, Vito's coming in a minute. Honey, please ...

They cling to each other bleakly.

DISSOLVE TO:

117. EXT. A LONG STRETCH OF HIGHWAY DAY

Arnesen's pick-up truck is approaching CAMERA. As the truck arrives at CLOSE SHOT we TRAVEL WITH it and see Arnesen driving, Debbie seated in the middle, crying, and Kirsten slumped by the door, her hair over her eyes, her face slack. She looks sick and wasted. In the back of the truck we see Joe lying on a blanket. He is out cold, a real mess.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

118. EXT. NURSERY LATE AFTERNOON

A man is walking toward CAMERA. He is stooped over, carrying a hemlock on his back. The roots of the hemlock are bound in a great ball of dirt, the weight of which makes the man stagger. Now we see it is Joe. He is in rough laboring clothes and he looks tanned and fit. He approaches the pick-up truck. Arnesen is in the back of the truck distributing the weight of several hemlocks.

JOE:
Hey, Pop, you sure Vic Tanny started like this?

ARNESEN:
Who?

JOE:
(taking a good look at Arnesen)
Bernarr McFadden.

He backs up to the truck bed and deposits the tree on its base. Arnesen smiles at him and slides the tree forward in the truck. Joe mops his brow.

ARNESEN:
One more, Joe.

JOE:
Whatever you say, Warden. Look, Warden, I got to ask you a question: Is there a highway out there, and down that highway a town, a town with people in it, people just like us?

ARNESEN:
(smiling)
One more tree, Joe.

JOE:
(trudging off)
One more tree, Joe.

119. NEW ANGLE

Now we are SHOOTING PAST Kirsten as Joe approaches. Kirsten is the picture of mental and physical health. You'd never know she ever had a problem in the world. Blonde hair flying free, a loose blouse, and a bright dirndl that threatens to balloon in the breeze. She hums a tune as she walks down a row of trees twisting a price tag on each tree.

JOE:
(passing, imitating Arnesen)
"One more tree, Joe. One more tree, Joe."
You in for life?

KIRSTEN:
(happy)
It's beginning to look like it.

JOE:
How long you been here?

KIRSTEN:
Only a month.

JOE:
I've been here ten years. Ugh!

He lifts another tree on his back and starts down the row with it.

KIRSTEN:
It seems to agree with you.

JOE:
I'm so healthy I could kill myself.
(he staggers down the row carrying the hemlock)
"One more tree, Joe. One more tree, Joe."
(he stops beside Kirsten)
Do you like boys?

KIRSTEN:
Love 'em.

Joe straightens up, dropping the hemlock behind him. He takes Kirsten by the hand.

JOE:
Come with me, there's something I want to try.

Together they run along the row of trees. then cut through, disappearing for a moment.

120. SHOT JOE AND KIRSTEN NEW ANGLE

Running hand-in-hand, they approach a big pile of hay -- a real old-fashioned haystack. They run straight for it and jump into it.

121. CLOSE SHOT JOE AND KIRSTEN

They tumble together and finally stretch out face to face, nose to nose, eye looking deep into eye.

JOE:
All my life I've wanted to do that.

KIRSTEN:
Poor little city boy.

Joe luxuriates in the hay, drawing in great lungsful of the fragrance.

JOE:
I never fully understood the idea of haystacks before. It's that crazy smell that causes all those problems we hear about.

KIRSTEN:
And the softness.

JOE:
Mmmm.

For several moments they lie very still and very close, simply breathing and loving.

JOE:
I can't remember us ever feeling like this before.

KIRSTEN:
(grinning)
Except after a few drinks.

JOE:
Yeah.

KIRSTEN:
Was the other better?

JOE:
I don't see how it could've been.

They kiss.

JOE:
Don't look now, but I think our haystack just took off.

(CONTINUED)

121 (Cont.)

KIRSTEN:
How high?

JOE:
'way, way up.

CUT TO:

122. EXT. THE TRUCK

Arnesen, in the truck bed with the trees, waits.

ARNESEN:
(calling)
Joe?
(he waits, then:)
Kirsty?

He listens for an answer, then, getting none, he jumps down out of the truck bed with casual nimbleness.

CUT TO:

123. THE HAYSTACK JOE AND KIRSTEN

They are lying very close and talking very low.

JOE:
It all came to me like some kind of a special message: why not concentrate on a different kind of thing: ideas for real improvements in a company, for real ways of benefitting everyone concerned, including even the poor old buying public; and let the public image sort of grow up out of that kind of solid base instead of having to sweep stuff under the rug all the time. You know?

For answer she begins to plate kisses -- very gentle, very tender kisses, light as butterflies -- over his face and neck as he talks.

JOE:
(continuing)
Real public relations. Business and the public relating to each other like -- well, like lovers. True to each other.

This last triggers a passionate kiss from Kirsten.

ARNESEN'S VOICE:
One more tree, Joe.

Startled, Joe and Kirsten break.

124. P.O.V. SHOT ARNESEN

A few feet away he looks at them, amused.

125. RESUME JOE AND KIRSTEN

They rise, embarrassed.

JOE:
Sorry, Pop. I forgot.

126. THREE SHOT ARNESEN APPROACHES THEM

He is genuinely pleased with them.

ARNESEN:
That's all right, Joe. I loaded the last one.

He holds out the truck keys for Joe to take.

JOE:
Me make the delivery?

ARNESEN:
You got to start sometime, Joe.

Joe takes the keys slowly and studies them, tossing them in his hand.

JOE:
Thanks, Pop ...

A new kind of happiness sweeps over Joe and Kirsten.

DISSOLVE TO:

127. EXT. HIGHWAY NOON

Joe, driving Arnesen's pick-up truck, with a load of shrubbery.

DISSOLVE TO:

128. EXT. HIGHWAY SUNDOWN

The pick-up truck, empty, rolls along with Joe at the wheel.

DISSOLVE TO:

129.
130. OMITTED.

131. INT. BEDROOM NIGHT

Kirsten and Debbie are propped up on pillows in a big bed. Debbie is in her pajamas.

(CONTINUED)

131 (Cont.)

DEBBIE:
When will Daddy be home?

KIRSTEN:
Pretty soon. He's making some deliveries for Grandfather.

DEBBIE:
Oh -- well, tell me some more poem.

KIRSTEN:
(reciting with gestures and exaggerated emotion)
I'd like to go to Afriky
an' hunt the lions there,
An' the biggest ollyfunts
you ever saw!
I would track the fierce gorilla
to his equatorial lair
An' beard the cannybull
that eats folks raw!
I'd chase the pizen snakes
An' the 'pottimus that makes
His next down at the bottom
of unfathomable lakes --
If I darst; but I darsen't!

DEBBIE:
What's unfathable?

KIRSTEN:
Well, unfathomable is when you don't know how far down you can go before you hit bottom.

DEBBIE:
Oh, well, go ahead -- some more.

KIRSTEN:
That's all I remember right now. Now you run on to bed. We have to get up early.

DEBBIE:
Goodnight.

She goes out.

DISSOLVE TO:

132. INT. ARNESEN'S BEDROOM NIGHT

Arnesen is having a glass of beer. Joe enters. He is roughly dressed, tanned.

JOE:
Caught you drinking, didn't I?

ARNESEN:
Nothing wrong with one beer -- even two or three.

JOE:
All a matter of how much, huh, Pop? Sanders says he'll pay you Monday.

ARNESEN:
With Sanders, it's always Monday, then Friday.

JOE:
Yeah.

ARNESEN:
Remember Mrs. Michel, where you delivered those roses about a month ago?

JOE:
Exactly two months ago. My second day as a trustee.

ARNESEN:
She called in a big order this afternoon. Said she remembered us because of that nice man who delivered the roses.

JOE:
(loading the truck)
It's all public relations, Pop. Kirs upstairs?

He starts out.

ARNESEN:
You want a beer, Joe?

Joe stops and stares at Arnesen.

JOE:
Starting to trust me again, huh?
(Arnesen grins)
Well, thanks anyway, Pop, but maybe I don't trust myself.

He goes out.

133. INT. JOE AND KIRSTEN'S BEDROOM NIGHT

Kirsten brushing her hair before the mirror. She looks beautiful in a white nightgown. Joe enters, crosses to her and kisses the back of her neck.

JOE:
Mmmmmmmm, tasty little neck.

KIRSTEN:
Glad you like it, have some more.

JOE:
(mysteriously)
Not just now.

(CONTINUED)

133 (Cont.)
She turns and gives him an intimate smile.

JOE:
We sure have been good these two months, haven't we? Perfect.

KIRSTEN:
(sighing at the effort)
We certainly have.

JOE:
Too good, in fact. You're much too beautiful to be so good. Now I was thinking -- being good is better than being bad, yes, but being too good is worse than death.

KIRSTEN:
There are times when I agree with you.

JOE:
How would you like to spice up your exemplary life by slipping just a teeny weeny bit?

KIRSTEN:
A teeny weeny bit?

JOE:
A modicum, a jot, a minim. A -- drop?

KIRSTEN:
Where is it?

JOE:
It starts with a striptease.

He begins to waltz around the room removing his shirt and dropping it daintily.

KIRSTEN:
I thought you were speaking of something more tangible.

JOE:
Lady, please -- don't interrupt a performance.

He pulls up his trouser legs. There is a flat pint of whiskey taped with adhesive to each of his ankles.

JOE:
Like my little number?

KIRSTEN:
(seeing the bottles, surprised and delighted)
Joe!

(CONTINUED)

133 (Cont.1)

KIRSTEN: (Cont.)
(she drops to her knees beside him)
You are a genius!

JOE:
Nothing at all, my dear. Of course, getting the tape off is going to be a major operation. I'm going to shave my legs next time I try this.

KIRSTEN:
(drawing back)
No, we can't. We'll ruin everything. Honey, we can't do it.

JOE:
Now just a goldern minute, lady, I'm not proposing an all-out orgy...We've learned better than that, I hope and trust. But we've been working hard and behaving ourselves, and a wee droppee in the privacy of our room of an evening will never hurt us, and who'd be the wiser. We'll lie in bed like privileged folk and sip it through a straw. May I expect your cooperation?

KIRSTEN:
Could I vote against a man who dances so divinely?

JOE:
There's another one, too -- in the greenhouse -- fourth pot, fifth table, no, no, third table, fifth row. Fourth pot, third table, fifth row. Four, three, five. Remember the combination. If I should die before I wake, that's your legacy.

She puts her arms around him, holds him close.

KIRSTEN:
You are depraved.

JOE:
You are double depraved.

KIRSTEN:
You are depravedissimo.

JOE:
Flattery will get you everywhere.

DISSOLVE TO:

134. INT. ARNESEN'S BEDROOM NIGHT

He is sleeping. Sound. Kirsten's loud laughter. A squeal, more laughter. Arnesen sits up in bed, turns on his lamp. Sound: Another peal of laughter. Arnesen gets up quickly, hurries out of room.

CUT TO:

135. JOE AND KIRSTEN:

They are drunk. Joe is walking across the room like a great monarch. Chest out, arms akimbo, imperious look, except, of course, that he is staggering. The game seems to be for Kirsten to place a pillow under his foot as he takes each kingly step. She is finding it great fun. She is on her knees grabbing the pillow behind and scrambling to the front barely in time. Now as Joe steps backward instead of forward she barely manages to reverse herself and shove the pillow under his descending foot as she is shaken with laughter again. Sound: Knock on door. Joe and Kirsten freeze.

ARNESEN'S VOICE:
Kirsty? Kirsty?

Kirsten rises, gathers all her strength, squares her shoulders, draws a deep breath. Then, in a near-normal voice:

KIRSTEN:
Yes, Dad. I'm sorry, I must have had a nightmare. It's okay.

ARNESEN'S VOICE:
You all right, Kirsty?

KIRSTEN:
Fine, Daddy, fine. Sorry I woke you up. Go back to bed, Daddy.

CUT TO:

136. ARNESEN

He stands by the door listening. He is not at all convinced.

CUT TO:

137. KIRSTEN AND JOE

They are practically holding their breath.

CUT TO:

138. ARNESEN

He decides to go back to bed. He walks away.

CUT TO:

139. KIRSTEN AND JOE

Breathing easier. They listen as he walks away.

JOE:
(low)
We ain't fightin'!

They sit on the bed side by side and giggle guardedly. Joe picks up bottle on bedside table. It is nearly empty. He takes swig, hands it to Kirsten. She drinks, holds bottle upside down.

KIRSTEN:
All gone.

JOE:
I'm going to get the other one.
Four, three, five.

KIRSTEN:
You'll wake Daddy.

JOE:
I'll go right out this window, down this tree, silent as a little squirrel.

KIRSTEN:
Don't fall, but hurry.

She giggles low.

JOE:
Four, three, five.

KIRSTEN:
I thought you said four, five three.

JOE:
No. Four, three, five.
(he is on his way out the window. He stops)
Wait, maybe I did say four, five, three.
No. Four, three, five.

He is gone.

KIRSTEN:
Don't stay away long. I'm lonely.

(CONTINUED)

139 (Cont.)

KIRSTEN: (Cont.)
(she crosses the room limberly, hugging herself, staggering)
Oh, Joe, Joe, hurry back, hurry back --

CUT TO:

140. EXT. TREE NIGHT

Joe skinning down the tree mumbling to himself.

JOE:
Four, three, five. Four, three, five. Four, three, five.

141. STAY WITH JOE

He reaches the ground, and staggers across the lawn and driveway through the potted trees to the greenhouse.

142. CLOSE SHOT JOE

He gets the key from a secret place beside the door and lets himself into the greenhouse.

143. INT. GREENHOUSE THE FLOWER DISPLAY TABLES NIGHT

The area is lighted by a naked nightlight on a pole. Joe enters, floundering, lunging drunk.

JOE:
Four, three, five. Four, three, five.
(he counts the rows)
One, two, three, four. Fourth row.
(he walks down to the third table)
Third table. Now, fifth pot.
(he removes flower)
Come to Poppa...
(but there is no bottle)
Huh? Wait a minute, wait, wait, wait. I counted backwards. Four, three, five. Fourth pot, third table, fifth row. Fifth row, wait, wait, wait. Don' get 'cited. Fifth row, fifth row, fifth, fifth, fifth...
(he retraces his steps to outer edge of display)
Fifth row.
(he starts down the fifth row)
Third table, fourth pot. Now!
(he pulls flower from pot. No bottle)

(CONTINUED)

143 (Cont.)

JOE: (Cont.)
Hey, what's going on here?
(he rechecks his count)
Fifth row, third table, fourth pot.
Huh? Huh?
(in a sudden rage he slams the flowers and the pot to the ground. He stands a moment uncertain)
Fifth pot.
(he pulls the flowers out of the pot, out of another pot, no bottle. He slams flowers and pot to ground)
Who got it? Who got it?
(he pulls flowers from another pot. Searches, slams all to ground. He searches in three or four more pots with growing fury)
Red flower, red flower, red, red, red.
(he sweeps all of the pots off on the ground. He kicks another table over, staggers about, pulling at flowers left and right in a blind rage. In a few seconds, he makes a shambles of the entire area)
Dirty crooks, rats, thieves, who got it?
Who got it?

Finally he falls across a table, turning it over and dumping all of the pots on the ground. Sitting among the broken crockery he sees his bottle, intact. He can hardly believe his eyes. He begins to laugh. He reaches out, touches it just like a crazed prospector touching a nugget. He opens it, laughing. And there in the dirt and torn flowers and shattered crockery he begins triumphantly to drink.

CUT TO:

144. INT. HALL NIGHT

Kirsten in a white nightgown, her hair flowing free. She staggers from wall to wall. She stops at a door, opens it and enters.

145. INT. ARNESEN'S BEDROOM NIGHT

KIRSTEN:
Daddy.

Arnesen switches his lamp on. He sits up in bed. Kirsten is gleeful.

(CONTINUED)

145 (Cont.)

KIRSTEN:
Daddy, I'm drunk as a skunk. I'm plastered and I'm lonely and I want you to kiss me g'night.

Arnesen gets quickly out of bed.

ARNESEN:
That dirty Joe bought whiskey.

KIRSTEN:
I want you to kiss me g'night.

ARNESEN:
Let's get you back to bed.

Debbie enters by another door.

DEBBIE:
Granddaddy.

ARNESEN:
(quickly)
Go to bed, Debbie.

KIRSTEN:
(sharply)
Get out of here! Get out of here!

Her tone frightens Debbie. She moves close to Arnesen and takes his arm.

KIRSTEN:
(screaming)
You leave my daddy alone! You leave my daddy alone!

Screeching, she flies at Debbie to beat her. She manages to land one or two blows before Debbie screams and runs from the room. Kirsten is subdued by Arnesen.

ARNESEN:
(dragging her to the bathroom)
Come with me, Kirsty, come along.

He shoves her in the shower and turns on the water, holding her. She shudders, gasps. When she is drenched he hauls her out.

ARNESEN:
Now we'll put you back to bed.

Kirsten begins to sob.

DISSOLVE TO:

146. INT. LONG BARE HALL DAY

On one side are windows covered with heavy wire mesh; on the other is a blank wall.

A DOCTOR, carrying a kit, walks rapidly down the corridor, his heels sounding hollowly. The doctor arrives at a heavy door at the end of the corridor. A uniformed ATTENDANT unlocks the door and the doctor and the attendant pass through shutting the door behind them.

147. INT. CHAMBER DAY

The doctor and the attendant are in a small chamber between two heavy doors. The attendant locks the door through which they have just passed, and unlocks the one on the other side of the chamber. They pass through a second door and it closes behind them.

148. INT. VIOLENT WARD DAY

The attendant locks the door. He and the doctor start through the ward, passing a row of barred cells. We hear a variety of sounds: Weird giggling, heavy breathing, someone singing in a bawling male voice.

The doctor and the attendant stop in front of a cell. We hear moaning and incoherent mumbling coming from the cell.

149. CLOSE SHOT JOE

He is in a strait jacket and he is lying in a corner of the cell on a mat. His eyes are wild, his lips are flecked with foam; he is unshaven, haggard; he is in a cold sweat, shaking uncontrollably. He moans and mutters incoherently.

150. CLOSE SHOT DOCTOR

At door of cell he is preparing an injection. A SECOND ATTENDANT has joined them. The two attendants wait patiently, watching Joe with mild interest. Joe continues to moan and squirm.

Doctor and attendants enter the cell. Joe sees them and emits a shattering scream.

151. DOCTOR AND ATTENDANTS JOE'S P.O.V.

Joe continues to scream in abject terror and writhe on the floor as the two attendants grasp him and hold him while the third leans over him with the hypo.

152. CLOSE SHOT

Doctor shoves needle into Joe's hip.

DISSOLVE TO:

153. TIGHT SHOT JOE'S FACE

His eyes are closed. His whole face is in a state of drugged repose. Now his lips move, he groans, his eyes flutter open. PULL BACK SLOWLY. We see that Joe is alone in the cell, still in the strait jacket, still lying on the mat.

B.g. sounds as before.

Joe is trying to focus his eyes on something across the cell.

154. THE WIRE MESH JOE'S P.O.V.

It wiggles like a maze of worms. Beyond it is the figure of a solitary man. The man has no substance, but he is there, wraith-like, a huge half-seen fish suspended beneath the maze of worms.

In the b.g. now we hear another DT VICTIM moaning and screaming and mumbling. He continues throughout the following:

155. JOE

He blinks, desperately trying to focus. He struggles to his feet and staggers weakly to the door of the cage.

The gossamer shadow at the door begins to solidify into the figure of a man. The man is JIM HUNGERFORD, a block-shaped, red-faced man with snow-white hair and a salty disposition. He has a quick, matter-of-fact way of speaking, wasting no words.

JIM HUNGERFORD'S VOICE:
How you feeling, fella?

JOE:
Rotten.

JIM:
Want a smoke?

He has one ready to light. Joe nods. Jim lights cigarette,

(CONTINUED)

155 (Cont.)

JOE:
Who are you?

Jim puts cigarette through mesh into Joe's mouth.

JIM:
Jim Hungerford. Nurse says you want to see me.

JOE:
I do? Oh. Alcoholics Anonymous . . .

DISSOLVE TO:

156. INT. APARTMENT DAY

Joe and Kirsten at table. Joe has a book in his hand.

JOE:
Honey, this fella Hungerford says AA meetings are terrific. It's just a bunch of alcoholics trying to keep each other sober, and it works. Please -- just read the book. It makes a lot of sense.

KIRSTEN:
I will not. Why did you even let them give it to you? They must think you're a bum or something.

JOE:
I asked them for it. After all, I must have needed help. I was in the hospital.

KIRSTEN:
You didn't belong there.

JOE:
I was there. Nobody "belongs" there. I passed out in the middle of Northern Boulevard. Maybe I didn't belong there, but --

KIRSTEN:
(overlapping)
All right. You drank too much. That doesn't prove you're an alcoholic.

(CONTINUED)

156 (Cont.)

JOE:
(overlapping)
What's wrong with going to a meeting? What could we lose?

KIRSTEN:
You can go if you want to, I don't care. But I won't go. I'm not an alcoholic. I refuse to say I am. I refuse to ask for help in something that is a matter of self-respect and will-power. I refuse to get up in front of a bunch of people and degrade myself. I know I shouldn't drink because it gets the best of me, so I will simply use my will-power and not drink and that's the end of it.

DISSOLVE TO:

157. EXT. FRONT DOOR AREA OF A CHURCH NIGHT

A mixed neighborhood, rich from a few blocks away, poor from next door, sprinkled with middle-class.

The door of the church is propped open. People are entering, singly and in pairs, white-haired men who may be deacons or bankers, a chic young woman of twenty, a middle-aged housewife, a bewhiskered derelict in a soiled and shapeless suit who staggers slightly as he places one foot before the other on the steps -- all sizes, shapes, ages, sexes -- too diversified to be grouped under any one social heading.

On the door is a sign too inconspicuous to be noticed by anyone not looking for it. It carries only the simple letters "AA."

Joe Clay and Jim Hungerford walk into the SHOT. As they start to enter, Joe stops, backs out the door, stopping Jim.

JOE:
We got time for a smoke?

JIM:
(smiling)
Nervous?

JOE:
It's this jacket. The middle button's gone.

(CONTINUED)

157 (Cont.)
He pulls the jacket together wishing he could button it, then lets it fall open again.

JIM:
Leave it open.

JOE:
I used to be a pretty sharp dresser. I wouldn't be caught dead with a button off my coat.

JIM:
Scared?

JOE:
Not the slightest. This is my normal complexion, pale green.
(he has buttoned his jacket by the top button)
This makes me look like a hick.

JIM:
You are a hick. Come on.

JOE:
(shrugs)
I guess it's too late to run.

They start to go in, but the scarfaced derelict caroms through the door, almost crashing into them. They step aside to let him pass. The derelict has a scar running the entire length of his face on one side. It flashes whitely through the matted stubble of his beard. Jim puts a stabilizing hand on him as he passes.

JIM:
Easy does it.

Jim and Joe go into the building.

We stay with Scarface as he goes down the steps and into the narrow alley beside the building, into the shadows. He leans against the wall and extracts a bottle from his jacket. He tips it and drinks.

CUT TO:

158. INT. MEETING ROOM NIGHT

The room will accommodate fifty people on folding chairs. In the back is a table with coffee and fruit juice and paper cups. In the front is a low platform with a microphone.

(CONTINUED)

158 (Cont.)
On the platform are signs: "Easy does it", "First things first", "Live and let live", "Think", and most prominent of all:

God grant me
The serenity to accept
The things I cannot change
Courage to change
The things I can
And the wisdom to know
The difference.

About thirty people are in the room. Most of them are seated. A few are choosing seats, sipping coffee. Jim Hungerford is at the mike, tapping it for attention. The murmur dies.

Joe Clay is seated in the front row. He is very nervous. He hitches his tie, tugs at his jacket, goes through the motions again and again of buttoning it with the non-existent button.

159. INTERCUT JOE, JIM AND THE AUDIENCE

JIM:
(matter-of-fact)
I'm Jim Hungerford and I'm an alcoholic. I'm your chairman for tonight. All I have to do to qualify myself is to say that I drank too much too often over too long a period of time. Welcome to the regular weekly meeting of the Mason Street Group of Alcoholics Anonymous.
(reading from back of pamphlet)
"Alcoholics Anonymous is a fellowship of men and women who share their experience, strength and hope with each other that they may solve their common problem and help others to recover from alcoholism. The only requirement for membership is a desire to stop drinking. AA has no dues or fees. It is not allied with any sect, denomination, politics, organization or institution; does not wish to engage in any controversy; neither endorses nor opposes any causes. Our primary purpose is to stay sober and help other alcoholics to achieve sobriety."

159 (Cont.)

JIM: (Cont.)
(he puts pamphlet aside)
We have a couple of speakers I know you're going to enjoy hearing tonight. To start things off we're going to hear from a man who came to our group just four months ago . . .

So great is Joe's tension his jaw is locked and working. He attempts to appear unconcerned, but he is still fumbling with the front of his jacket.

JIM:
This will be his first talk at an AA meeting. Joe --

Joe rises and crosses to the platform. General applause. Jim gives him a pat on the shoulder and leaves the platform.

Joe adjusts the mike, tugs at his jacket. From time to time throughout his talk he goes through the motion of buttoning it.

JOE:
My name --
(he clears his throat)
My name is Joe Clay, and I am an alcoholic. I, uh -- everybody kept telling me, don't worry if -- if you're nervous when you get up there because we all got up there and we were all just as nervous as you, and it's natural to be nervous when you get up there.

There is a commotion in the back of the room. The scar-faced man has entered. He claps his hands.

SCARFACE:
Speech! Speech!

VOICES:
Shhh! Shhh!

Some members of the audience help Scarface sit down.

JOE:
Well, I was just going to say to you people that I'm up here, and I'm nervous, and the fact that you all got up here, and you all got nervous, and it's the natural way

159 (Cont.1)

JOE: (Cont.)
to be, is not helping me a bit.
(laughter)

SCARFACE:
(to GRAY MAN, seated next to him)
Say, you got the time?

VOICES:
Shhh! Shhh!

GRAY MAN shows SCARFACE his watch.

SCARFACE:
Good watch there. I know that movement. I'm a watchmaker, you know.

Gray man calms him, directs his attention toward the speaker. Scarface understands, tries to concentrate. Gray man pats his shoulder soothingly. Someone hands him a cup of coffee.

(NOTE: The attitude of the others toward Scarface is one of tolerance and concern for a sick man. They are neither mad at him nor impatient with him. He is one of them. He is just in more trouble at the moment than they are.)

JOE: (Cont.)
When Jim first suggested I get up here I told him sure. The idea didn't scare me at first, because I've always been told I have a great line of bull. But when Jim finally made me understand I was supposed to get up here and tell the truth, and I couldn't use my line of bull, well --
(he pauses and makes a wry face; scattered laughter)
--I broke out in a cold sweat. I mean, when you've been depending on a thing for years -- you know. . .
(scattered laughter)
Like when I started San Francisco State and didn't know what I wanted to do somebody said, "You got a great line of bull, Joe. You oughta be a lawyer." So I started in pre-law. I didn't want to be a lawyer. I was just there. So I lasted a couple of years, and out. Then I went into the Navy and some character said to me one day -- and

(CONTINUED)

159 (Cont.1)

JOE: (Cont.)
this is the truth -- "Joe," he said, "you oughta be an officer. You got a great line of bull." So I put in for officer's training. Didn't last long at that either. Then I got out, still didn't know what to do with myself. I was standing in a bar one day, hoisting a few with an agency man and suddenly he turned to me and said, "You know what you ought to go into? Public relations." So I said, "Why?" And he said -- you guessed it -- "Well, for one thing, you got a great line of bull." You can see how I got here. I never had a mind of my own . . .

DISSOLVE TO:

160. INT. MEETING ROOM PAN THE GROUP 'NIGHT

JOE'S VOICE:
Well, it was a little over four months ago that Jim Hungerford visited me in the violent ward -- "The Flight Deck", they call it up there. Since then I have got a good job -- with Johnny Friedkin, incidentally --

161. RESUME JOE

JOE:
-- I have learned that alcoholism is an illness and has to be treated as such -- and I have managed to convince Kirsten that AA is a good thing and that people don't get up here and degrade themselves. The degrading took place while we were drinking, and all we do here is admit it. But she still won't come to meetings. And you know what? She's been sober all this time, just as sober as I've been, so maybe she's right. Maybe she can do it with will power. I hope so. But I can't and I know it and I thank God I have Alcoholics Anonymous to help me. Thank you.

Applause. Joe steps down from the platform.

DISSOLVE TO:

162. INT. HALL OUTSIDE JOE'S FRONT DOOR NIGHT

The door is ajar. A light is shining through from the inside. Joe walks into the SHOT coming from the AA meeting. He is fumbling for his key but on seeing the door ajar, he stops. He goes into the apartment.

163. INT. APARTMENT

It is a mess. A chair is turned over.

JOE:
Honey? Debbie?

He looks quickly in the bathroom, then inspects the room more closely. He finds an empty bottle on the bed. He crosses to Mrs. Nolan's door and rings. Mrs. Nolan answers.

MRS. NOLAN:
The girl is with me.

Debbie appears behind Mrs. Nolan. She rushes past her into Joe's arms, sobbing.

DISSOLVE TO:

164. EXT. STREET SUNDOWN

A respectable middle-class automobile is parking in front of Joe's address. Jim Hungerford gets out and crosses into the building.

165. INT. BUILDING

Hungerford ascends the stairs to the first landing, grimacing his olfactory disapproval.

166. INT. CLAY APARTMENT LATE AFTERNOON

Joe is pacing and smoking. SOUND: Knock on the door startles him. He crosses quickly to the door and opens it. Jim Hungerford is there.

JOE:
Oh, come in, Jim. I'm sorry to act like such a --

JIM:
You should have called me sooner. Any word?

Joe shakes his head "no."

JOE:
Two days and two nights. I had to call you. I was afraid I might --

JIM:
You tell the police?

JOE:
(nodding)
I don't see how this could happen to us.

JIM:
You took too many drinks.

JOE:
Everybody drinks.

JIM:
Almost.

JOE:
A hell of a lot of people drink more than Kirs and I ever did, but they're not alcoholics.

(CONTINUED)

166 (Cont.)

JIM:
Yet.

JOE:
Some of 'em never are.

JIM:
It's a lottery, pal. You lost.

JOE:
But how? Isn't there some way you can tell before it's too late?

JIM:
Remember how you told us in your talk at the meeting about Kirsten's obsession with chocolate candy when you first met? A very perceptive psychologist might have told you then that she was a potential alcoholic. But neither of you would've believed him, and besides he might've been wrong. How many strawberries does it take to start an allergy? Which is the one that gives you the hives? It's pretty hard to diagnose an illness until you've got it.
(Joe shakes his head hopelessly)
She'll turn up, Joe.

JOE:
Why would she do it? Why would she leave?

JIM:
She wanted a drink.

JOE:
If she had to drink, she could drink here. She ought to know that.

JIM:
You're sober. It wouldn't be any fun to drink around you, and your sobriety would be an accusation to her. It would make her miserable. She's lost her playmate. Don't be too surprised if she finds another one.

JOE:
Oh, no - oh, she wouldn't do that. She loves me. You don't understand. There's no trouble between us.

JIM:
There wasn't any trouble. Don't forget, for a long time booze has been an integral part of your relationship. Now, if she's going to drink, and you're not -- you're going to have to find a different meeting ground. A different basis for your relationship. That's going to take a whale of an adjustment.

(CONTINUED)

166 (Cont. 1)

JOE:
Boy, this is hard to believe. There was always one thing about us -- we knew we loved each other. We knew that. That was concrete, unquestionable. We never had any doubts about it. You know what I'm saying? That was something we had. Things like that don't -- just -- evaporate.

JIM:
Joe, that night you tore up your father-in-law's flowers looking for the bottle --

JOE:
Yeah --

JIM:
When you found it, what did you do?

JOE:
I drank it.

JIM:
You didn't go back and drink it with Kirsten?

JOE:
No.

JIM:
Why?

JOE:
I don't know. I forgot, I guess. I was drunk.

JIM:
There comes a time in the life of an alcoholic that the bottle is God. Nothing matters, nobody matters but the next drink. You know that, don't you?

JOE:
I know. I know. But I find it very hard to believe that this -- this -- is happening to me. I mean -- two people -- ten years -- I mean -- booze or no booze -- drunk or sober -- isn't love -- love?

JIM:
I don't know. I was drunk for twelve years. I've been sober for the past fourteen. And I know the drunk world is

(CONTINUED)

166 (Cont. 2)

JIM: (Cont.)
one world and the sober world is another. Can an earthman love a martian? I don't know.

JOE:
She's such a lonely person.
(he suddenly turns away and mutters a prayer)
Oh, God, keep her safe!

JIM:
(after a moment)
Is your little girl all right?

JOE:
She's down on the peninsula with her grandfather. There are no scars on her outside, anyway.

The phone rings. Joe grabs it.

JOE:
Hello . . . this is Mr. Clay . . . Yes, Kirsten Clay, that's right . . . Where?

JIM:
Police?

Joe shakes his head "no."

JOE:
Shore Motel? Where is that? . . . Yes . . . Well -- who is this? . . . Mr. Turning, I see. Well, Mr. Turning -- is she all right? . . . Well, when she registered -- was she -- I mean -- was there anybody -- Never mind, I don't want to know. I'll be right out there. And Mr. Turning -- thank you, thank you for calling.
(he hangs up; to Jim)
She's in a motel on the shore. This fellow Turning owns the motel, says she came out in a cab, checked in drunk and has been drunk ever since.

JIM:
She know you're coming?

JOE:
No.

JIM:
Want me to go with you?

(CONTINUED)

166 (Cont. 3)

JOE:
I think I'd better go alone.

JIM:
Take my car.

JOE:
Thanks.

JIM:
And Joe, at the risk of sounding preachy --

JOE:
I know. First things first, easy does it, live and let live.

JIM:
And something else. She may resent your intruding on her drinking. She may resent your being sober. It separates you.

JOE:
I know.

JIM:
On the other hand, if you're not sober you're not worth a damn to her or anybody else, are you?

DISSOLVE TO:

167. EXT. HIGHWAY NIGHT

Jim Hungerford's car approaches the Shore Motel, turns in at the driveway, stops at a cabin marked "Office." A man steps out of the office, holds a brief unheard exchange with the driver of the car, hands him a key, points down the row of cabins, and disappears into his office again.

168. CLOSER SHOT

Joe parks the car in front of a cabin, gets out. He lights a cigarette, tries to prepare himself. Then he opens the door of the cabin with a key and enters.

CUT TO:

169. INT. CABIN

A cheaply furnished tourist cabin. Kirsten is seated slumped over in a straight chair, a bottle between her legs. She is sodden. Her hair is a ragmop. She sways, almost falls out of the chair. This rouses her sufficiently to take another drink. She raises the bottle to her lips with difficulty, takes a clumsy gulp. She pays no attention to Joe. He crosses to her, puts his arm around her.

KIRSTEN:
(mumbles)
Have another drink, honey.

JOE:
Not -- just now.

KIRSTEN:
(petulantly)
Oh, have another drink.

JOE:
(gently)
I don't want one.

KIRSTEN:
Well, I do.

She drinks again. When she is finished, Joe kneels beside her, takes both her hands in his. Kirsten is in another world; her eyes are not open to this one.

JOE:
(very tenderly)
Honey -- do you think you're about ready to come home?

The question filters slowly through to Kirsten. After several moments, she raises her head and squints painfully at Joe as the situation comes into fuzzy focus.

KIRSTEN:
Ohhhhhhhhhh -- ohhhhhhhhhh, it's <u>you</u>. What do <u>you</u> want?

JOE:
I want my wife.

KIRSTEN:
(with a small, bitter laugh)
Sober Joe, the milkman's friend. Well -- you got me. What you do with me?

JOE:
I was hoping to take you home.

(CONTINUED)

169 (Cont.)

KIRSTEN:
I like it here. All my friends -- here. You have your friends, I have my friends. Have a drink. Oh, excuse me, I forgot, and what a shame. I'm fresh out of milk -- and coffee -- and tea -- and ornjuice -- and all non-alcoholic berrdges -- berrdges -- berridges -- ever try to say that?

JOE:
Honey -- if you'll come home --

Kirsten withdraws violently.

KIRSTEN:
No!

JOE:
(trying to be cheerful)
I see you've laid in a good supply. We could take it home and --

KIRSTEN:
No!
(then after a moment, pathetically, feeling very sorry for herself)
You have your friends. You don't need me.

JOE:
Honey --

KIRSTEN:
(faintly crying)
Joe -- kiss me, Joe --

Joe kisses her gently. She clings to him. He disengages himself.

KIRSTEN:
(after a moment)
I taste like gin. You never did like gin, did you? So I never drank it. But now I'm alone, so I'm drinking it. Because I like gin.
(she toasts him)
Til samen e himlin.
(she drinks from bottle)
Together in heaven.
(bitterly)
A likely story. And now he doesn't even like the taste of me any more.

(CONTINUED)

169 (Cont. 1)

JOE:
Honey, let me get you something to eat.

KIRSTEN:
(violently)
No!

JOE:
You're going to get sick and you know it.

KIRSTEN:
I don't care! I don't care! Get out of here and leave me alone! I don't care if I die!

Joe hesitates, then decides it's hopeless for now.

JOE:
(going)
I'll be back.

KIRSTEN:
Don't bother.

He is at the door. She becomes tearful again.

KIRSTEN:
Joe -- I'm lonely.

He crosses back toward her, not knowing what to do.

KIRSTEN:
Honey, please, have a drink with me, please.

JOE:
I can't.

KIRSTEN:
I'm lonely.

JOE:
I'll stay with you, but --

KIRSTEN:
Don't do me any favors. Can't have a drink, too good to have a drink with me. What did they do to you down there, at that AA place? Aren't you a man any more? Can't you hear a woman calling you? I'm a woman! Can't you hear me?

JOE:
I hear you.

169 (Cont. 2)

KIRSTEN:
Then what are you going to do about it?

JOE:
(carefully)
Well, honey -- I heard you, I heard you loud and clear, but we've got our own little apartment. Our own --

KIRSTEN:
(viciously)
No, we haven't! I'm not coming back there. Never! Never! Never! I wanna be where people live. I don't want your mealy-mouth, holier-than-thou, do-gooder boy scouts with their hot coffee, and their -- cold feet! I don't want anybody that doesn't have the guts to take a drink. Go 'way, go 'way, go 'way.

Joe struggles with his ego for a moment, then decides he'd better run. But as he crosses to the door:

KIRSTEN:
(surly)
I want a cigarette.

Joe fishes a pack out of his pocket, puts a cigarette in her lips and lights it. She takes a deep drag. A sex magnetism pounds between them like a bullhide drum.

JOE:
Keep the pack.

KIRSTEN:
You're not giving me anything. Community property. An' so's the gin.
(she picks up a glass, pours part of remainder of bottle in it)
Fifty-fifty. Here.
(shoves bottle at him; he fails to reach out his hand for it)
I'm not coming back, Joe. You're too good. And there's no bore in the whole world like a goody-good.

She puts the bottle on the table. Joe turns away from her, crosses to window, trying to control himself. Kirsten is taken with a fit of derisive giggling and falls across the bed. Joe crosses to the bottle, tips it to his lips, drinks what's left of it. Kirsten, watching, stops laughing and

(CONTINUED)

169 (Cont. 3)
sits up. Joe puts the empty bottle down, crosses and sits dejectedly on the bed. Kirsten slides off the bed, kneels in front of him. She reaches up and loosens his tie. He makes no move.

KIRSTEN:
(offering her glass)
Honey -- want some of mine?

He takes the glass.

DISSOLVE TO:

170. INT. VERY CLOSE SHOT A BOTTLE NIGHT

The bottle is lying on its side on the floor. It is empty. A trembling hand reaches into the SHOT and grabs the bottle. PAN the bottle up to Joe's face. Joe is stupefied, brutalized, functional on only the simplest level. His face, up close, is frightening. He squints at the bottle, then tilts it to his lips, tilts it vertical, sucking at it, getting nothing. His tongue goes into the neck of the bottle like an animal's tongue hunting a drop of nectar. He pulls the bottle away from his face in pitiful, childish disappointment. He tosses it away -- not with anger, with disinterest.

171. WIDER SHOT THE BOTTLE CRASHES ON THE FLOOR

Kirsten, face down on the bed, her head over the side of the bed, her hair tumbled to the floor like a mop, doesn't stir at the sound of the crash. She is out cold.

The cabin is a shambles, bottles strewn everywhere. Joe is dressed only in trousers and shoes. The shoes, untied, flop on his feet. Joe picks up two or three more bottles, finds nothing, tosses them away. Standing in the middle of the floor, a swaying tower about to topple, he comes to a decision. He takes his shirt off the back of a chair and begins to struggle into it.

DISSOLVE TO:

172. EXT. TOURIST COURT NIGHT

Joe lunges out the door of the cabin. His shirt is half buttoned, his shirt-tail is out, his coat is not quite on him. He sets sail floppily toward the highway.

173. EXT. HIGHWAY NIGHT

Joe flounders onto the highway and starts trying to follow the white line. A roaring six-wheel truck looms in the moonlight. The truck swerves to miss Joe, its great load teetering precariously. The driver sticks his head out of the cab and yells something we can't hear.

The backdraft of the truck spins Joe around, coat-tails flying, but he doesn't go down, he keeps right on fighting that white line.

DISSOLVE TO:

174. EXT. AN UNPAVED ROAD NIGHT

Joe is plunging along, a traveler lost in the desert. But now he stops. He hears music, carousel music. He listens. He looks around him.

175. SHOT JOE'S P.O.V.

Beyond some trees Joe sees lights. This is where the music is coming from.

176. SHOT RESUME JOE

Joe staggers off the road, through a ditch, and crashes into a barbed wire fence. He bounces off the fence, appraises it a moment, decides he can push down the top wire and step over, and does so, tearing his clothes.

Now he is bleeding in a couple of places, including a scratch on his cheek. He caroms through the trees toward the lights.

DISSOLVE TO:

177. EXT. EDGE OF WOODS NIGHT

Joe emerges from the woods into a clearing and is greeted by an unbelievable sight.

178. SHOT JOE'S P.O.V.

All alone in a little clearing by the side of the road stands a small frame building carrying a neon sign bigger than the building itself. The sign says:

L I Q U O R

179. CLOSE SHOT JOE

A miracle! An oasis! Or is it a mirage? Joe blinks, but it doesn't go away. He starts toward it. The carousel music is louder than ever. It is a hot night and the side door of the store has been propped open to catch the breeze.

180. FULL SHOT

Joe goes directly to the side door, up the steps and into the store.

(NOTE: We hear the music of a carousel throughout this scene.)

181. INT. STORE NIGHT

The PROPRIETOR and his WIFE are seated in camp chairs near the front of the store. He reads a paper, she knits. The wife sees Joe and nudges her husband.

182. P.O.V. SHOT JOE

He is stupefied. He can only point dumbly at the liquor.

183. SHOT PROPRIETOR AND WIFE

PROPRIETOR:
(rising)
I'll throw 'im out.

He starts for Joe, but his wife stops him.

WIFE:
Al, wait, leave him alone. Can't you see he's sick?

PROPRIETOR:
He's a bum.

The wife crosses to Joe, and takes him by the arm and leads him out the front door. Joe is completely docile.

WIFE:
(gently as they cross)
You're in bad shape, mister, you know that? You don't want to drink any more. Go home like a good boy now. Will you do that? Will you? Will you go home now, please, and don't drink any more? Don't you think you had enough? Be a good boy now, and go home. That's it.

184. EXT. FRONT OF STORE NIGHT

She gives Joe a gentle push and he starts walking. She shakes her head, sorry for him. Then she turns and goes back into the store.

185. INT. STORE

WIFE:
Poor guy. Maybe we ought to drive him home.

PROPRIETOR:
(reading his paper)
Oh, sure. He'd be great for the upholstery.

The wife picks up her knitting.

186. EXT. STORE AREA NIGHT

Joe has stopped walking and is looking back at the store. Now the side door catches his eye. He weaves his way back to it.

187. SHOT JOE'S P.O.V. THROUGH THE DOOR

The shelves full of beautiful bottles.

188. SHOT JOE

He gets down on his hands and knees with elaborate caution and crawls through the door.

189. INT. STORE CLOSE SHOT JOE

He keeps the counter between him and the proprietor. As he passes through the door his foot dislodges the wedge holding it open. The door slams. Joe freezes.

190. SHOT PROPRIETOR AND WIFE

They look at the door.

WIFE:
(starting to put aside her knitting)
The wedge slipped again.

PROPRIETOR:
(shrugging)
Leave it.

Wife settles back.

191. RESUME JOE

He reaches up with infinite care and takes a bottle off the shelf. He has no idea what he is taking and doesn't bother to look. He crawls, holding his breath, toward the open door at the opposite end of the counter. He is almost there when:

192. SHOT PROPRIETOR AND WIFE

They hear a small noise. They look at each other, then toward the counter.

193. P.O.V. SHOT JOE'S FEET DISAPPEARING OUT THE DOOR

194. FULL SHOT

The proprietor jumps up and runs out the door after Joe.

PROPRIETOR:
Hey, you!

195. EXT. SIDE DOOR AREA NIGHT

Joe is atill on his hands and knees on the ground outside the door. Head down, he waits with resignation for whatever is about to befall him. In the b.g. we see the source of the music -- a small traveling carousel mounted on a truck bed. The proprietor reaches down and grabs the bottle of wine out of Joe's hand.

WIFE:
(in the door)
Please don't hurt him, Al. He's sick. Let me call the --

PROPRIETOR:
(coldly angry)
You like wine, huh? You like Burgundy? Okay, buddy, here's a little Burgundy for ya!

WIFE:
Al --

The proprietor pours the wine over Joe, taking his time, making sure not to leave any dry spots. Joe remains on his hands and knees, head down, offering no defense. When the bottle is empty:

PROPRIETOR:
Now get outta here and don't come back or I'll call the cops.

He crosses back to the store and shuts the side door.

196. INT. STORE

The wife looks accusingly at the proprietor.

PROPRIETOR:
Bet he don't bother us again.
Wanna bet?

197. EXT. SIDE DOOR AREA NIGHT

Joe struggles to his feet and lurches away -- toward the carousel. Then he becomes aware of it and stops.

198. THE CAROUSEL JOE'S P.O.V.

It looks oddly like the one in Golden Gate Park. The music sounds -- for a moment -- exactly the same.

199. SHOT JOE'S FACE

He begins to cry.

200. FULL SHOT JOE

He veers away from the carousel, half-running toward the road.

We watch him careen away down the road into the darkness, a helpless piece of flotsam in the rapids.

DISSOLVE TO:

201. INT. SMALL HOSPITAL WARD JOE'S BED DAY

Joe lies in bed, wan and wasted. Jim Hungerford stands by the bed.

JIM:
So when you didn't bring my car back,
I made the obvious deduction. I called
the motel the next day and Kirsten was
still there but you were gone.

JOE:
Gone where? And what was I doing for
three days?

JIM:
Well, the first two days you were here, there
was a little green man chasin' you around
the violent ward with prunin' shears.

(CONTINUED)

201 (Cont.)
He tries to sit up in bed, but Jim gently restrains him.

JOE:
I gotta go get my wife.

JIM:
Better leave her with her dad awhile.

JOE:
I want her with me.

JIM:
She'll be all right out there. You've gotta protect yourself, Joe.

JOE:
What about her?

JIM:
You can't help her by drinking with her, can you?

JOE:
No.

JIM:
And you can't stay sober if she's trying to get you to drink with her, can you?

JOE:
(after a moment, struggling)
Yes!

JIM:
What are you doing in here, then? Boy, are you stupid.

JOE:
(miserable)
Yeah.

JIM:
You gotta stay sober, even if it means staying away from her.

JOE:
(struggling, crying out)
But I love her! We love each other!

(CONTINUED)

201 (Cont.1)
He sinks back on the bed, crying.

JIM:
(very gently)
If you really love her, Joe, help her.

JOE:
How?

JIM:
Be an example. Show her how an alky can beat the rap. Give her something to aim at. Will you do that?

After a moment Joe nods, clinching his jaw.

JIM:
Oh brother. I shouldn't have told him about the man with the pruning shears.

JOE:
(managing a weak grin)
Never mind. I feel like he caught me.

DISSOLVE TO:

202. INT. ARNESEN GREENHOUSE NIGHT

Arnesen with pruning shears, clipping a small shrub. Joe enters.

JOE:
Hello, Pop.

ARNESEN:
I told you, don't come here, Joe.

JOE:
I've got something important -- something I have to talk to you about.

Arnesen is unyielding. Joe is humble.

JOE:
Really, Pop. It means a lot to me.

After a moment, Arnesen motions him in. Joe enters.

JOE:
(casually)
Kirs gone out some place?

(CONTINUED)

202 (Cont.)

ARNESEN:
She -- she's gone to the movies.

JOE:
Oh -- she okay?

ARNESEN:
(challenging)
You come to talk about Kirsty?

JOE:
No, I didn't. I'll tell you what I came about Pop. I want to square accounts with you.
(he continues with some hesitation and embarrassment as he meets only silent hostility in Arnesen)
First of all, Pop, I want to say that the five hundred dollars you lent me that time to try to get started again -- we spent that -- most of it -- on a couple of benders -- and I didn't really make much effort to get straightened out, just stayed drunk as long as the money held out. We lied to you about that. I know you worked hard for that money and --

ARNESEN:
(interrupting)
You started my daughter drinking.

JOE:
No, Pop, listen I --

ARNESEN:
You started my daughter drinking! When she lived here with me and her mama, she never took a drink! We never gave her even one beer! You started her!

He attacks Joe as though to choke him. Joe dodges around the table.

JOE:
(yelling)
Pop, are you nuts! What are you trying to do?

Arnesen looks at his hands, surprised at himself. He sinks into a chair.

JOE:
Sure, we drank together. I mean, right from the start, but -- believe me, Pop --

(CONTINUED)

202 (Cont.1)

ARNESEN:
(crying out in anguish)
Where is she? She's been gone three days! My girl...my girl...

JOE:
Pop, maybe one of these days --

ARNESEN:
She went off with another bum, not the same one, another one. It's always another bum. It's always 'goodnight, Dad, I'll be home early.' 'Goodnight, Kirsty, I'll leave the kitchen light on.' I always turn it off in the morning, Joe.

JOE:
I thought you told me she was getting better.

ARNESEN:
Only two weeks ago she was in the hospital three days, sick to death from drinking.

JOE:
Can't you tell her how well I'm doing? Tell her about the new apartment. Tell her I'll take her back any time.

ARNESEN:
She won't listen.

JOE:
Tell her Debbie cries for her.

ARNESEN:
Then she'll get drunk for sure.

JOE:
I don't know what to tell you, Pop, any more than I know what to tell Debbie. But we've got some things to be thankful for. I'm working steady, and I'm sober and I'm starting to pay you back the five hundred dollars. Here's the first installment.
(he hands a check to Arnesen)
And I'll pay her hospital bill.

ARNESEN:
No.

202 (Cont.2)

JOE:
Yes, I will, and I'm going to pay you board as long as she stays with you, Pop. And I'm going to make good for all those potted plants I ruined that time.

ARNESEN:
Oh, I don't need for you to do that, Joe.

JOE:
You don't understand, Pop. I need for me to do it.

Arnesen looks at Joe for a long moment.

DISSOLVE TO:

203. INT. NEW APARTMENT NIGHT

Joe's new apartment is pleasant and modern and clean. It consists of two bedrooms, a combination living room-dining room, a kitchenette and a bath. Debbie is ironing a shirt. Joe comes out of the bathroom. He is in a hurry.

JOE:
Is it ready?

DEBBIE:
Just one more little place...There...
(hands him shirt)
Is it all right?

JOE:
(raising her hand in victory)
Ladies and gentlemen -- the bantam-weight ironing champion of the world!

The phone RINGS. Joe answers it trying to put on his shirt at the same time.

JOE:
Hello --
(he glances at Debbie)
Uh -- wait just a minute --
(to Debbie)
Say, champ -- how's about going to the basement and getting my socks out of the dryer.

DEBBIE:
Oh. Okay.
(she goes)

JOE:
(into phone)
Pop?

CUT TO:

204. INT. CHEAP HOTEL ROOM NIGHT

Arnesen on phone.

ARNESEN:
(guardedly)
She's in bad shape, Joe. You got to come get her out of this dump. She won't let me take her home.

CUT TO:

205. JOE

JOE:
I can't, Pop. I can't do it. I'll send a woman from AA.

CUT TO:

206. ARNESEN

ARNESEN:
She won't talk to AA, Joe. Not to me. Nobody. I don't know if you got my meaning, Joe. She's very bad this time. If you don't come I got to call the hospital.

CUT TO:

207. JOE

JOE:
Call the hospital. I'm not coming to her any more. I'm sober and I hope to stay that way. You tell her I'm ready to walk barefoot over broken bottles to get to her when she's ready to be helped. Rain or shine, sleet or snow. But she doesn't want help. She wants me. She wants to make a bum out of me again. She wants a drinking buddy.

CUT TO:

208. ARNESEN

ARNESEN:
(hopeless)
That's what she wants, Joe.

He hangs up.

CUT TO:

209. JOE

He hangs up. Stands by phone, too shaken to move.

DISSOLVE TO:

210. EXT. STREET NIGHT

Kirsten, looking gaunt and tired, but sober, enters the front door of a well-kept apartment building.

211. INT. FOYER BUILDING

Kirsten squints at the nameplates over the mailboxes.

212. INT. JOE'S APARTMENT NIGHT

Joe is alone, standing at the window smoking. Street noises. The light from a neon sign is flashing on his face. The angle is such that we can see the sign: "BAR."

There is a muffled knock on the door. Joe can't place the sound at first, but when it is repeated more distinctly he crosses to the door and opens it. Kirsten is there.

JOE:
Kirs...

She smiles wanly. He motions her in. She enters, unable to disguise the slight sag of her shoulders and the hint of shuffle in her walk.

KIRSTEN:
(looking about her furtively)
Debbie asleep?

JOE:
(nodding)
It's after eleven.

KIRSTEN:
I didn't want her to see me.

JOE:
You don't look --

He stops himself.

(CONTINUED)

212 (Cont.)

KIRSTEN:
So bad? Not as bad as you imagined I would. Thanks for trying. But I know how I look. This is the way I look when I'm sober. That's enough to make a person drink, wouldn't you say?

Suddenly, impulsively, Joe's arms are around her. They are like positive and negative magnetic fields slamming together. She holds him desperately, a waif clinging to a shelter. There are no words. Joe would like to say "You're home. Everything is all right." But he knows it isn't. It is Joe who pushes them apart. He needs the distance to save himself. From now on there is a certain reserve in his manner with her.

KIRSTEN:
(after a moment, with effort)
Joe -- I haven't had a drink in two days.

JOE:
Well, that -- that's terrific.

KIRSTEN:
It wasn't easy. But -- I wanted to talk to you, so I thought I would try to make myself deserve it, at least a little. Sort of a penance, you might say.

JOE:
You'd be surprised how much fun you can have sober, once you get the hang of it.

KIRSTEN:
And you've got the hang of it.

JOE:
I think so. And believe me, it's the greatest.

KIRSTEN:
You scund -- just like you did that day you came up to Mr. Trayner's office with that silly peanut brittle.

JOE:
I'm a little older, but --

KIRSTEN:
(interrupting)
Wouldn't it be wonderful to go back to the beginning again -- erase everything in between -- start all over -- getting excited over a chocolate bar?

(CONTINUED)

212 (Cont.1)

KIRSTEN: (Cont.)
(she turns away, barely able to keep herself in check)
I want to come home.

Joe has no answer for her.

KIRSTEN: (Cont.)
I know you're thinking about them. Yes, there were plenty of them. But they were nothing. I never looked at them. They had no identity. I never gave anything out of myself to them. I thought they would keep me from being so lonely, but I was just as lonely, because love is the only thing that can keep you from being lonely, and I didn't have that.

JOE:
I'm listening, Kirs. There's a little kid in there asleep who sure would like to wake up and find you here, so all you have to do is say the right words.

KIRSTEN:
I don't know if I have the right words. That's why it took me so long to get here. You see -- the world looks dirty to me when I'm not drinking -- like the water at Fisherman's Wharf when you look too close. I don't think I can ever stop drinking, not completely, like you. I couldn't.

JOE:
You could --

(CONTINUED)

212 (Cont.2)

KIRSTEN:
-- if I wanted to, really wanted to. But I don't, I know that now. I want things to look prettier than they are. But I could control it if I had you to help me. I know I could. I know I could be all right if we were back together again and things were like they used to be and I wasn't so nervous. But I need to be loved. I get so lonely from not being loved, I can't stand it.

JOE:
I want to love you, Kirs, but I'm afraid of you. I'm an alcoholic. I can't take a drink. I'm afraid of what we do to each other. If you'd only say you'd try --

KIRSTEN:
I know this sounds crazy, but -- I can't face the idea of never having another drink.

JOE:
One day at a time. One day at a time.

KIRSTEN:
I can't. I can't.

JOE:
Doesn't it impress you at all that I've been sober for almost a year, that I'm delighted to be this way, that I'm working steady and feeling great, that Debbie and I are living in a decent place again? And all because I'm sober.

KIRSTEN:
(looking around her)
It's nice.

JOE:
Thanks. There's plenty of room --

KIRSTEN:
You're strong. That's why I know you can help me now. If we only had it back like it was --

JOE:
(too loud)
Back like it --!

(CONTINUED)

212 (Cont.3)

JOE: (Cont.)
(he stops himself, remembering Debbie, then he continues in a low voice)
Do you remember how it really was? It was you and me and booze. A threesome. A threesome! Remember? Oh, it was great while it lasted, don't get me wrong --

KIRSTEN:
(pathetically eager)
And we can have it back that way! I know we can! If --

JOE:
If I'd drink with you! Right? But I'm not going to drink with you! That's finished!

KIRSTEN:
I wouldn't ask you to drink with me. I'd control myself --

JOE:
You can't control yourself! You're an alcoholic, same as I am!

KIRSTEN:
No!

JOE:
You and I were a couple of drunks on a sea of booze in a leaky boat! And it sank! But I've got hold of something to keep me from going under, and I'm not going to let go, not for you, not for anybody. If you want to grab on, grab on, but there's only room for you and me. No threesome.

She turns away and walks to the window, struggling with herself. The light of the neon bar sign pulses garishly on her face.

KIRSTEN:
(finally)
I can't get over how dirty everything looks.

JOE:
Try it one more day.

KIRSTEN:
(dead voiced)
Why?

(CONTINUED)

212 (Cont.4)

JOE:
(indicating Debbie's room)
For her. Come and look at her.

Kirsten crosses toward Debbie's door, but she can't go in.

KIRSTEN:
I can't. I can't.
(she fights to control herself)
You'd better give up on me.

JOE:
Not quite yet.

KIRSTEN:
(after a moment)
Thanks.
(she crosses quickly to the door)
Goodnight.

JOE:
Kirs --

She stops.

JOE:
Take care of yourself.

She nods, goes out quickly. Joe stares after her. Then he crosses slowly into Debbie's bedroom and stands over her bed.

Debbie moans low in her sleep and turns on her side. She is almost awake.

Joe tiptoes out of the room, closes the door and crosses to the window and looks down into the street, the light of the bar sign flashing on his face.

213. JOE

He bites his hand trying to control himself, but cries out in spite of himself.

JOE:
Kirs!

He spins away from the window in a state of desperate agitation. He paces for a few minutes like a cornered animal. Then he grabs his jacket, puts it on, starts out the door. But he stops himself, shuts the door, locks it, takes off his

(CONTINUED)

213 (Cont.)
jacket and hangs it up. His cry has awakened Debbie. She enters the room rubbing her eyes.

DEBBIE:
Daddy --

JOE:
(quickly)
Go back to bed, Honey.

DEBBIE:
I thought I heard you call Mommy.

Joe leads her back into her bedroom.

JOE:
You must've been dreaming, Honey.

DEBBIE:
When is Mommy coming home?

JOE:
Mommy's sick. She has to get well before she can come home.

DEBBIE:
Is she going to get well?

JOE:
I did, didn't I?

Debbie nods.

JOE:
Sometimes people have to get worse before they can get better. You know? Like a fever. Remember when you had that fever? Sometimes when a fever gets very, very hot - so hot you can't stand it -- that means - sometimes - it's about ready to burn itself out and go away. You understand?

DEBBIE:
I think so.

JOE:
Try to go back to sleep now, Honey.

DEBBIE:
Okay.

(CONTINUED)

213 (Cont.1)
Joe kisses her and starts out of the room.

DEBBIE:
(sleepily)
G'night, Dad.

JOE:
Goodnight, Honey.

He goes out of the room and shuts the door.

214. INT. LIVING ROOM

Joe crosses to the window and stands looking out, the light of the bar sign pulsing on his face.

JOE:
(praying)
God -- grant me the serenity to
accept the things I cannot change...
and courage to change the things
I can...

FADE OUT.

T H E E N D